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THE PAGEANT OF INDIANA

THE DRAMA OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF
THE STATE AS A COMMUNITY FROM ITS
EXPLORATION BY LA SALLE TO THE CEN-
TENNIAL OF ITS ADMISSION TO THE UNION

By

WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON

IN RIVERSIDE PARK ON THE BANKS OF
WHITE RIVER, INDIANAPOLIS

OCTOBER SECOND TO SEVENTH
NINETEEN HUNDRED SIXTEEN

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FOREWORD

The Pageant of Indiana, the culmination of the Indiana Centennial Celebration, seeks to present the drama of the development of the State as a community from the time when in 1669 LaSalle first passed through this region on his search for the mouth of the Mississippi, to the Centennial of its admission to the Union. It has seemed clear to the writer that this development has followed the lines of transportation,—first, roughly speaking, water transportation with the port and market at New Orleans,—later, land transportation with the port and market at New York.

The pageant grounds are located in Riverside Park, Indianapolis, on the banks of the White River, at a point where both kinds of transportation can be represented with excellent effect amid surroundings of great natural beauty. The performances will begin at four o'clock in the afternoon and continue through sunset and twilight into the night, closing with electric effects.

The Pageant of Indiana has been written, composed and designed on the principle that dramatically, musically and visually the modern pageant is a distinct and individual art-form, having its own laws and its own technique. A special and careful historical study has been made for this pageant; questions of dramatic treatment have been decided strictly and only upon considerations of the nature of the subject; the music has been specially composed, the costuming specially designed and the light effects devised with a view single to the adequate presentation of the drama that lies in the history and current life of Indiana. Similarly all the elements of the pageant have been combined and worked together for the sole purpose of producing in the sequence of its various scenes a clear, beautiful and inspiring drama and a truthful impression of the development of the State of Indiana.

In presenting the historical material a certain freedom has necessarily been exercised for the sake of dramatic clarity and effectiveness. Sometimes, as in the Canals and Railroads, considerable periods of time have been compressed into the apparently brief day of a single episode. A pageant should be a serious effort at historical interpretation in dramatic form, not merely a chronicle of facts, and

the guiding hope should be to give, if possible, a truthful impression and an illuminating understanding of the life of a community. Accordingly, a large freedom is often permissible to the pageant-master in the handling of his facts, provided he work always subject to the relentless vengeance of the God of Art who condones no failure accurately to produce the right effect. In this, as in all other forms of interpretation, sincerity and originality in work are the only ladders by which one may climb to the heights of Truth.

In many instances the language of the dialogue is in the actual words of the characters represented. It has, however, seemed inadvisable to indicate these passages by quotation marks, on account of the frequent necessity for making slight changes, omissions or additions in the wording to suit the situation as represented. So also in producing the pageant certain omissions have been deemed advisable which it did not seem necessary to eliminate in the printed form of the pageant.

W. C. L.

THE PAGEANT FLAG OF INDIANA

As there is at this time no officially recognized State Flag of Indiana, the Master of the Pageant designed a flag for use in the three Centennial Pageants under his direction, those at Corydon, Bloomington and Indianapolis. The essential requirements were (1) that it be simple and beautiful; (2) that it contrast yet harmonize with the American flag; (3) that it be of accepted flag design and colors; (4) that it be significant.

The design of the flag consists of three vertical sections, like the French and Italian flags. The central section is blue, the color of Statehood; the two outer sections are green, suggestive of the primeval luxuriance of the wilderness and of the present fertility and productiveness of Indiana. On the central blue field are nineteen golden stars. Thirteen, representing the first thirteen States, are in a circle, in which form they were placed on the first American flag. Five more stars, two in the corners above and three below, represent the other States which were admitted before Indiana. The nineteenth star, larger than the others, representing Indiana, the nineteenth State, is placed in the middle of the circle. The usual gold fringe, emphasizing the essential colors of the flag, completes the design.

This flag was first used in the Pageant of Bloomington and Indiana University on May 16, 1916, and was used at all the performances of that pageant. It was also used in the Pageant of Corydon on June 2 and 3, and will be used in the Pageant of Indiana. It was further used in the escort that received the Governor when he came to attend the pageants at Corydon and Bloomington.

THE OUTLINE OF THE PAGEANT

I. Introduction: The Centennial Spirit

1. LaSalle on the Rivers of Indiana (1669)
2. The Taking of Vincennes (1779)
3. The Tippecanoe Campaign (1811)

II. The State of Indiana (1816)

4. The Center of the State (1824)
5. The Days of the Flatboats (1830)

III. St. Francis of the Orchards

6. Canals and Railroads (1836-1847)
7. The Underground Railroad (1854)
8. The Civil War (1861-1863)

IV. The Torch of Art and Literature

9. The Wagon and the Plow (1885)
10. The Binding Ties (1900)

V. Finale: Indiana, 1916!

THE PAGEANT OF INDIANA

I

INTRODUCTION: THE CENTENNIAL SPIRIT

The full orchestra states fortissimo the theme from the Hymn to Indiana. It then immediately passes without modulation into deep, mysterious, swiftly moving harmonies; ever changing, yet seemingly ever the same; strangely almost narcotically beautiful; pervasive with their enthralling vibration, yet surging to climaxes of soothing emotion. From the north, thronging around a tall figure riding a great horse, come forms heavily draped, some on horseback, some on foot, shrouded as it were with mystery as with a garment, the long, ample garments streaming in the air behind them, the colors of the garments strange, mysterious, unearthly, yet enthrallingly beautiful like the harmonies of the music which brings them to the ken of mortal man. The leading figure, the one on the great horse is like the others, but greater than they, and taller. He commands; and they are massed shadows of him. The faces of none are visible. They are the Forms of Death and Oblivion that ever await us with strange unwelcome graciousness and come swiftly; and he is Death.

He rides around the field once, asserting his power, ultimate, impenetrable, then leaves the field to his Forms. They swarm over the field, thronging swiftly hither and yon in silent, pervasive triumph, coursing through beautiful, changing paths, ever departing, ever returning. They come and go from and to all directions. Unchecked they await all things; they receive all things; they control all things.

The harmonies and the thronging of the Forms of Death and Oblivion are interrupted by trumpet calls, sounding a sequence of notes akin to the Indiana motif, repeated. From the south, with high spirit and challenging demeanor, comes the Centennial Spirit, clothed in soft rose over shining armor, and her horse caparisoned in soft rose, and carrying, held high, the long two-edged sword. With her as an escort come on foot with equal pace the Community Arts,—History, Pageantry, Music, City Planning, Sculpture, Mural

Painting, Electricity, Recreation, the Dance,—each represented by several figures, and all costumed and equipped in colors and manner appropriate to the characters. They advance steadily, persistently. The Forms of Death and Oblivion at first are surprised and withdraw, but return with more and more assurance to resist the advance of these intruders and by bold attack to bear them down. Each attack is checked before the undismayed advance of the Centennial Spirit and her attendant Arts. At last the Forms of Death and Oblivion divide and depart in both directions to the ends of the grandstand, leaving the Centennial Spirit supreme. The Community Arts follow the Forms down, driving them and similarly spreading out and dividing as they follow them, but at last coming together again in a group, while the Centennial Spirit remains alone in the center of the field.

Then heralded in the music by a call upon the horns, the figure of Death himself sweeps forward again from the north, riding down upon the Centennial Spirit in a short, swift charge. The Centennial Spirit, undaunted, stands her ground. From one side and from the other Death threatens the Centennial Spirit, but each time without effect. The Centennial Spirit never gives way, but with drawn sword raised on high demands recognition as an equal. The two confront each other resolutely, their calls sounding back and forth in the music.

Then the full orchestra sounds forth the theme of the Hymn to Indiana. The Centennial Spirit turns and points with her sword across the river to the south. Death immediately raises high his arm in the greeting of allegiance. The Forms behind him on either side surge forward until coming together at the center they cover the field in the form of a pointed leaf, with the Centennial Spirit at the point and the Community Arts at the base. In the music the theme is developed as an ascending series until, as the music resolves into the Hymn to Indiana, the figure of the State of Indiana, robed in royal blue and green, superbly riding, and bearing her green and blue shield and banner, is seen across the river passing by from the south toward the north, attended by pioneers in buckskin clothes and coon-skin caps and armed with long squirrel rifles, representing the Counties of the State. Thirteen precede her, representing the Counties that were organized before the admission of Indiana to the Union; the others follow her.

The Forms of Death and Oblivion and the Community Arts all raise their arms and then all kneel. Death himself by gesture indi-

cates his entire reconciliation and glad yielding to the State of Indiana and to the Centennial Spirit of all the regions whither he leads all living things. Indiana now comes to a point immediately opposite, turns her head, looks across the river, and raises her flag high full arm length in acknowledgment of the allegiance of the Centennial Spirit and of Death and of their followers. Indiana and her attendant Counties continue on their way, and the procession disappears to the north. The Forms of Death and Oblivion recede to the two sides and go out at either end of the grandstand while the Community Arts first move forward, then turning back, move straight out through the middle, leaving Death and the Centennial Spirit alone together on the river bank. The music is the Hymn to Indiana.

EPISODE ONE

LASALLE ON THE RIVERS OF INDIANA

(1669)

Death and the Centennial Spirit remain seated on their horses on the river bank near the center of the scene. Just before departing in their turn Death points up the river, where are seen four canoes coming down the stream. It is LaSalle on his first search in 1669 for an outlet of the inland empire to the ocean and to France. Death and Centennial Spirit depart together.

LaSalle and his little fleet of canoes come down the river. He is seated in the first canoe and carries the flag of the Lilies of France. He points to the shore and his Indians paddle over. The other canoes follow. He lands. Ascending the bank, flag in hand, he looks long and searchingly all about him, noting the nature and topography of the surroundings. His followers,—priests, soldiers, coureur du bois, traders and Indians, fourteen in all,—also come up the bank and await his pleasure, according to their various characters, some in patient, some in impatient, observation of him, but none sharing in the enthralled exaltation of his mission.

LASALLE: A good place for a trading post! . . . This green luxurious wilderness! The sky-blue flag of the Lilies of France shall wave o'er these forests and these fields forever! (Holding high his banner.) The green; the blue! . . . Here shall there be a settlement!

PRIEST: Need we go further?

COUREUR: The hunting here is plentiful.

LASALLE: But France! The way to France we seek!

SOLDIER: The farther we go, the farther to return.

PRIEST: It is an endless quest.

SOLDIERS: The way to death we'll find. Death for you, for us.

OTHERS: Aye, death! Aye!

COUREUR: You promised to build trading posts. Here are there furs enough.

LASALLE: A chain of trading posts I'll build down all this riverway.

SEVERAL: What! Would you paddle all your furs up-stream to get them hence to France?

LASALLE: I'll find you out the way down these increasing rivers to that one Great Water of the west, and down that Water, be it sea or river, till I reach the ocean. Then shall you trade with ease in all this empire, bring your trading goods down-stream from Canada and take your furs down-stream to a port that shall be, and so to market in Rouen, in Paris and Versailles!

All are silent. Some regard him scornfully as a reckless, hare-brained visionary; some with resentment at his imperious conduct; some with hatred. They fall apart into sullen groups muttering their discontent. Some of the white men among themselves begin to concert plots against him. LaSalle turns and divines their conspiracies.

LASALLE: Miserable pack of low, mean-spirited cattle, fit only to feed in safe protected fields upon the edge of towns! . . . Shall France lose an empire like to this for your dog-cowardice? As on we go, so spreads the empire of the King! (All bow.) The glorious Sun of France!—shall it not rise and shine undimmed in these blue heavens? (Pause; some still mutter.) What say you?

ALL: Aye! Aye! Vive le Roi, Louis le Grand Monarch!

LASALLE: Into your boats! On! On!

SEVERAL: Water. We need fresh water.

LASALLE (to the coureurs): Find a spring. Get some water.

Two of the coureurs du bois go off into the woods. LaSalle stands to one side by himself near the Indians, drawing on a chart, noting the topography. Some of the white men still stand aloof in discontent, while a few throw off their care for the moment by gambling with large dice. The coureurs return with water, with which all refresh themselves; LaSalle last. While the others drink, LaSalle speaks to the Indians.

LASALLE: This river flows to the Great Water—how far?

INDIAN: To the Great Water, to the Mississippi, far, far, far.

LASALLE: And Mississippi flows—how far?

INDIAN: The Great Water, Mississippi, flow, flow, flow—no man know how far.

LASALLE: But I shall know. On! The canoes!

All return to the canoes, LaSalle leading the way and then standing on the bank watching them embark and himself with the flag of France entering his canoe last. The other canoes stand out in the stream until his canoe glides out ahead of them and leads them on down the river.

The music sounds the harmonies of Death and Oblivion from the Introduction as the Forms again scour the field sweeping away all trace of LaSalle and his expedition as they disappear down the river. At the same time is heard in the music as an obbligato one of the old chansons des voyageurs sung by the French and Indian traders as they paddled their canoes down the rivers of Indiana and of the great Northwest. The voices of the song die away; only the harmonies of Death and Oblivion are heard for a moment, and all is silent again.

EPISODE TWO

THE TAKING OF VINCENNES

(1779)

(In order to keep Vincennes on the left bank of the river and at the same time to give the audience a nearer view of the proceedings at that place in 1779, the White River in playing the part of the Wabash has kindly consented to flow in the opposite direction during this episode. The audience will therefore understand that for the time being they are in the immediate neighborhood of Fort Sackville, on the east side of the river, that they are looking west and that George Rogers Clark and his gallant band are even now soon to be seen approaching from the south, which is during this episode only on the audience's left.)

French inhabitants of Vincennes come in, going up and down in their daily occupations and interests. Here a group of old men sit on rough stools, pipe in mouth and sipping cognac, and recount to each other the days of their youth in La Belle France. There a string of girls carry linen down to the river to wash. Coureurs come in with furs to sell or barter; also Indians for the same purpose, their furs carried by squaws, and demanding ouisque in payment. Men and women bargain with them, showing them clothes, trinkets and weapons. A girl drives a cow through to the milking. A young man drives through an ox-team loaded with farm produce. British soldiers saunter about among the French people, treating them with contemptuous familiarity and the Indians with haughty disdain. The red flag of St. George flies from the staff of Fort Sackville beyond the trees a short ways to the north. Lieutenant Governor Colonel Henry Hamilton and his prisoner, the American Captain Leonard Helm, followed by three officers idly come down from the direction of the fort. The French greet the Governor with obsequious formality, which he hardly acknowledges, while they effusively greet the American, who responds with bluff cordiality.

FRENCH: Monsieur le Commandant!—Bon jour, Monsieur le Captaine! Bon jour! Bon jour!

HELM: Bon jour, mes amis, bon jour! Comment vous portez vous aujourdhui, eh?

HAMILTON: Why do you pay attention to such cattle?

HELM: Ah, but they are my former subjects, if I can not say comrades in arms; and I trust they may be so again! And when you walk around with me as my prisoner, will they greet you as friendly as they do me? I think not!

HAMILTON: I'd string you up as a rebel and be rid of you, if you were not such good company.

HELM: So may I you, when we change places. Learn grace then and charm of manner while you may!

They turn where in their way are a group of Indians gambling. A British soldier, standing by watching them, boots one of them with the butt of his gun.

SOLDIER: Get out, you dogs! The Governor!

Like a flash the Indian seizes his knife from his belt, but as one or two other soldiers start forward he puts it back and draws off. The Indians sullenly withdraw by themselves a moment, glowering their hate at the soldiers, but in a minute at a jeering challenge from the winner quickly forget all their grievances in the toss of the dice again. As the Governor and Captain Helm approach the old men drinking their cognac, they rise and offer formal greeting as did the others. One old man, holding the bottle, the salutations over, holds it out in both hands to Helm.

OLD MEN: Monsieur le Commandant! Monsieur le Commandant!—Ah, bon jour, Monsieur le Captaine!

ONE OLD MAN: Ici, Monsieur le Captaine, prenez! Le plus bon cognac! Pour votre toddy! Prenez!

OTHERS: Oui-oui-oui! Bon! bon! Pour votre toddy, Monsieur le Captaine!

HELM: Ah, mes amis, merci! merci!

HAMILTON: Huh! Take it; take it! You might as well. They know good brandy!

HELM: Ha! So fortified, I will win the honors of pique from the Governor, as I have won the honors of war before!

HAMILTON: At the same price, by surrendering everything!

Several Indians in war-paint come running in from the south yelling their triumph and waving bunches of bloody scalps in their hands. With short yells and quick tense steps, they come turning back and forth from side to side up toward the Governor boastfully recounting their prowess in pantomime, which suddenly ends by their standing instantly still before the Governor, the scalps held up before his eyes and their other hands reaching out to him for their

pay. Half in disgust Hamilton turns to order the payment. Helm watches the proceedings with dumb rage.

HAMILTON: Pay the devils.

An officer superintends the transaction, while a soldier takes the scalps, counts them, distinguishing the men and the women, pays over the money, trinkets, ammunition or other return, and carries the scalps off into the fort. Traders immediately come up to improve the opportunity from their point of view.

HAMILTON: Ask them where they're from?

OFFICER: Where from?

INDIAN: O-hi-o.

HAMILTON: From your country, Captain. I wish to God I had Clark's scalp among them, and yours, and all your crew.

HELM: You'll never get Clark's scalp, and your only chance at mine is right here now. When he chooses, he will come and lay you by the heels, so be sure to treat me well, or Clark will burn you at the stake.

OFFICER: He says there are some ten or dozen more returning from the settlements of Kentucky,—

HAMILTON: Go, you, Lamothe, take some men, meet them; pay them; get this business done before they get to the Fort; and if they have any prisoners with them, don't let them kill them; bring them alive.

Captain William Lamothe calls together some soldiers, and with Captain Francis Maisonville goes off in the direction whence the Indians have come.

HAMILTON: Damn you rebels! I'll clean you all out of here within a year, all west of the Alleghanies. That will be my part of the work, and I will do it damned well. With your farms and settlements, fields and towns, you'll drive away the furs, and there are furs enough here, managed right, to make all England rich. Your own fault if your scalps get mixed in with the other furs! (Laughs.) Come brew me a toddy! For that I'd almost pardon you!

Governor Hamilton, Captain Helm and his party go off toward the Fort. A drum beats in the Fort and most of the soldiers go off in the same direction as in obedience to the summons. A Frenchman, who has been out duck hunting comes along the river. He goes about among the French people, showing them a paper, and gathers some of them together with careful secrecy away from the Fort. Others come up as he reads.

FRENCHMAN: Sst! Sst! Be quiet! Clark is at hand. I have been with him. He has an army! I can not tell how many! He sends this letter to his friends, the French people of Vincennes. I read:

To the Inhabitants of Post Vincennes: Gentlemen—Being now within two miles of your village, with my army, and not being willing to surprise you, I take this method to request such of you as are true citizens, and willing to enjoy the liberty I bring you, to remain still in your houses—and those, if any there be, that are friends to the King, will instantly repair to the Fort and join the Hair-Buyer General and fight like men. . . . Every one I find in arms on my arrival, I shall treat as an enemy. G. R. CLARK.

There are suppressed exclamations of joy and satisfaction and of adhesion to the American cause. The people go about telling others and so all go quietly and willingly out, most of them toward the south. From the Fort the sunset gun booms out over a nearly deserted field.

From the south in the water along the river bank comes Colonel George Rogers Clark with his men. Clark is in the lead. Following him in the water is a big sergeant, six feet two inches in height, and on his shoulders a drummer boy. The men throng after their leader, flags flying and all on the alert. They come up on the bank and swiftly run forward across the field to their assigned places for the attack. At the signal from Clark the attack begins. At the first shot, a British sergeant runs out to see what it is, but falls. Captain Lamothe's party returns. They are seen first by Clark, who withdraws his men sufficiently to let most of them get into the Fort. Captain Maisonville and one other British soldier are however captured, and held under guard in the rear.

CLARK: Baley, draw your men over this way. Reinforce Bowman, long enough to let those Redcoats get into the Fort. We don't want them stirring up the Indians, and if they get back in, we'll take them later with the rest.

The fight continues briskly. Only one American is wounded, however. The French begin to appear around the edges of the fighting, showing their interest, eager for the success of the American. From one of these Clark gets paper and pen and writes. A Kentucky backwoodsman standing near Clark, loads his rifle and takes careful aim.

KENTUCKIAN: Colonel, let me waste a shot and knock a chunk of mortar down the chimney into Leonard Helm's toddy sitting on the hearth.

CLARK: Let 'er go! Wake him up! Mortar in his toddy'll do it! (As he shoots.) I reckon you did it.

KENTUCKIAN: We'll hear from him about it the first thing when we take the Fort.

CLARK: Here! Send out a flag of truce. Hold up, my men! Baley, take Hamilton this, and tell him if I am obliged to storm, he may depend on such treatment as is justly due to a murderer. And tell him to beware of destroying any stores or papers; for, by Heavens, if he does, there shall be no mercy shown him.

The Americans lay by on their arms. French women of Vincennes come out with food for them, both corn bread and drink, which they accept with overflowing hilarity, and repeated cheers.

AMERICANS: Ha! The first real food for six days!

Lieutenant Baley returns the flag of truce and gives Clark a paper. All stop what they are doing and listen to learn the result.

BALEY: The Scalp-buyer says he and his garrison will not be awed into any action unworthy of British subjects.

CLARK: Give it to them boys! Make it hot for them!

The firing is instantly resumed with energy, the French women hurriedly withdrawing out of danger as the fighting continues. Four Indian prisoners are brought over to Clark. Meantime a flag of truce comes out from the Fort with a British officer.

BRITISH OFFICER: Lieutenant Governor Hamilton proposes a truce. He wishes to confer with Colonel Clark as soon as possible. (Clark steps forward.) If you make a difficulty of coming into the Fort, Governor Hamilton will speak to you at the gate.

CLARK: Colonel Clark's compliments to Governor Hamilton and tell him I will not agree to any other terms than his surrendering himself and garrison prisoners at discretion. If he is still desirous of a conference, I will meet him with Captain Helm.

Quickly on return of the flag, Governor Hamilton and Captain Helm come out and advance toward Colonel Clark. Clark's chief officers stand together near him. The backwoodsmen cheer when they see him.

HELM: What damned rascal was it that spoiled my toddy? (Another outburst of cheers.)

Clark and Hamilton confer. Clark is very imperious, sometimes angry in manner; Hamilton at times haughty and indignant. While they are conferring, four Indian prisoners are brought up to Clark.

CLARK: Tomahawk the reptiles and throw them in the river.

One of the Indians stretches out his arm to Hamilton in appeal to save them. He, however, can do nothing. Other Indians standing about are much impressed by this and express their scorn at his inability to help them.

CLARK: Tomahawk the reptiles, I say, and throw them in the river.

The Indian prisoners are led over to the river bank, tomahawked in sight of the Governor and their bodies thrown into the river. Hamilton forthwith agrees to terms, and returns into the Fort. Helm remains with Clark and is cordially, hilariously greeted by his friends. Clark gives brief orders and his men are paraded on one side of the field. The French people all come out and joyfully group themselves about in good places to see the surrender. Governor Hamilton and his garrison march out, Hamilton and his officers giving up their swords to Colonel Clark and the soldiers leaving their arms in a pile as they pass by. As Clark receives Hamilton's sword, he says:

CLARK: I had thought to take you at Detroit, when I put an end to all this British fostering of the Indian atrocities, but I will take you when I can get you, first you and then Detroit!

A squad of American soldiers march into the Fort cheering. The British flag is lowered and the American flag is raised in its place. Thirteen guns are fired as a salute. As in answer there is heard a gun on the river, and the batteau, the "Willing," is seen coming up. There is vociferous welcoming of the men of the Willing and of joy on their part at the successful outcome of the attack on Vincennes not unmixed with chagrin at arriving too late themselves to take part in it. At Clark's order then the prisoners are brought forward and the officers separated from the other.

CLARK: Step forward and raise your hands, you who will take this oath, never during the war to take arms against the United States of America or in any way to help their enemies, your lives stake for your honor, so help you God and may I get hold of you if you do!

Most of them do. Those who do not are led over and placed with the officers, who are not to be released.

PRISONERS: So help me God!

CLARK: Now release them and start them on their way immediately. Give each of them his rifle. I would not send any man unarmed toward that British nest of treachery, Detroit! We'll get them back again soon, when we take Detroit!

The prisoners each take a rifle from the pile and depart by ones and twos and three.

CLARK: Now to Kaskaskias! Lieutenant Brashers, I leave you in command of the Fort, which I name Fort Patrick Henry. (Cheers.) Captain Helm will remain to command the town of Vincennes in all civil matters and to superintend the Indian affairs. (Cheers, especially from the French.) The rest of us—bring up the boats—to Kaskaskias and soon, I trust, to Detroit!

Amid great cheering from their comrades and the French people, Colonel George Rogers Clark, his soldiers and his British prisoners embark on the "Willing," four other large boats and the small boat, the "Running Fly," and row off down the river. The new garrison depart into the Fort and the French people and the Indians into the town and the woods.

With the music of Death and Oblivion the Forms again sweep over the scene leaving no vestige of the days of Old Vincennes, "The British Grenadier" being heard as an obbligato in the music.

EPISODE THREE

THE TIPPECANOE CAMPAIGN

(1811)

From the north, from the direction of Canada, there emerges from the woods a British party consisting of Colonel Elliott, the British Agent, two other officers, a number of soldiers, and two Indian guides. They stop almost as soon as they have come in sight and one of the Indians goes swiftly across the field. Suddenly several Indians arise from the brush ahead of him. There is a colloquy between them, apparently satisfactory, about the British visit. One departs and soon returns accompanied by Tecumseh, Elskwatawa, and other chiefs. They greet the British with dignity, and are in turn appropriately recognized.

ELLIOTT: Brother, your Father, the King, is anxious to hear about his children in the forest and wants to help them so that they may keep their lands, may receive justice from the Big Knives and have plenty in their towns and villages.

TECUMSEH: Brother, the tribes are gathering. Through all the land, the Shawnees, the Miamis, the Pottawattamies, the Delawares, the Mingoes, the Weas and the Kickapoos all are gathering to drive the Big Knives out of their land and to drive them into the ocean.

ELSKWATAWA: Brother, the Great Spirit has spoken to his children and said he does not want the Big Knives to take the hunting lands from his children and that he will give the word and drive them into the sea.

ELLIOTT: Good, brother, good! And the Father at Malden will help you; he will do everything for you; and now he sends you presents, four times as many as ever before, that you may be ready and hear him when he gives the word and sends you the war-belt and the black tomahawk. He sends you new rifles, and powder, and lead for swift messengers, and blankets to keep you warm, and everything you may need that you may know he is your Father and will help you against the Big Knives as he used to do.

TECUMSEH: It is good.

At a sign from Elliott, several of his soldiers quickly go back whence they came, and the whole party move over in that direction. Indians in considerable number come in. The British produce rifles,

powder, lead and other articles which are lavishly given to the Indians, who are more and more delighted at the quantity given them. A keg of whisky is brought out but both Tecumseh and Elskwatawa interfere, Tecumseh sternly forbidding the keg to be given and Elskwatawa immediately protesting.

TECUMSEH: No! The Father in Malden must not send the fire-water to his children. It is evil.

ELSKWATAWA: The Great Spirit has told his children they shall not touch the fire-water, nor give away their land for it.

ELLIOTT: Take it back. Brother, gather all the Indians together. The Father at Malden will give the word and will help his children.

Elskwatawa during these proceedings has stood a short distance off by himself, chanting his incantations over his magic bowl and beads as the self-styled Prophet of the Great Spirit. After the rifles and ammunition are all distributed, the British depart. The Indians also go off with their new acquisitions in various directions. Tecumseh and Elskwatawa are left alone together.

ELSKWATAWA: Elskwatawa prophet of the great Spirit!

TECUMSEH: It may be, but Great Spirit not talk so much. Great Spirit silent.

ELSKWATAWA: Huh! Great Spirit talk with his Prophet when I hold up the bowl to him.

TECUMSEH: Do you gather the people of all the tribes together; I will unite the warriors and drive the white men from our lands, Big Knives first; then Redcoats.

ELSKWATAWA: The Great Spirit speaks again. Tecumseh must listen to the words of the Great Spirit.

Elskwatawa begins his chant again. Tecumseh looks at him half scornfully, yet also half credulously and goes out. As soon as he is gone, Elskwatawa stops abruptly, puts up his bowl and beads and turns away.

ELSKWATAWA: Tecumseh unite all warriors, drive away the white man for Elskwatawa. All the people—warriors, squaws, chieftains and children follow Elskwatawa, Prophet of the Great Spirit. Huh!

Several Indians come in with Barron, a messenger from Governor William Henry Harrison with a white flag. As they approach the Prophet turns around with a very aloof manner, looks at Barron steadily without word or sign of recognition, then bursts out in anger. Other Indians return and, standing around, intently watch, reflecting the growing anger of their Prophet.

ELSKWATAWA: For what purpose do you come here? Brouilette was here; he was a spy. Dubois was here; he was a spy. Now you have come. You too are a spy. There is your grave! Look on it!

Elskwatawa points at the ground immediately in front of Barron. There are threatening gestures among the Indians and growing excitement with fierce ejaculations. Barron looks calmly and fixedly at Elskwatawa. There is silence. Then Tecumseh comes in. He looks about coldly and sternly upon all and approaches Barron.

TECUMSEH: What is this? He comes under the white flag. Your life is in no danger. Tecumseh says it. The honor of the red man is stronger than the honor of the white man. The honor of the Shawnee protects you coming with the white flag. Why do you come?

BARRON: William Henry Harrison, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Territory of Indiana, sends word to the Shawnee Chiefs and the Indians assembled at Tippecanoe that he is not your personal enemy, but your friend, and he wants to meet you in a council, to clear away all the clouds and strengthen the chain of friendship.

TECUMSEH: I will meet him in council. Now depart. (To the Indians.) See him safe upon his way, or you are dead men. I will see you started.

Tecumseh and Barron go out with two Indians. Elskwatawa calls the Indians about him, and proceeds to weave his spell over them. They dance about him, touch his bowl and pass his strings of beads through their hands. Elliott, the British Agent, comes again. He is vociferously welcomed.

ELLIOTT: The Father at Malden, in care for his children has sent more presents to them. They are here at hand. Come and get them. He says to you: Keep your eyes fixed on me; my tomahawk is now up; be you ready but do not strike till I give the signal.

There is a shout and a war-whoop from the Indians. Some of them go out and return with new guns and ammunition, with blankets and gaudy trinkets. Elskwatawa acts as though in a trance.

ELSKWATAWA: Open your ears to the voice of the Great Spirit, children of the Shawnees, the Pottawattamies, the Weas, the Miamis, the Ottawas, the Winnebagos, the Delawares, the Kickapoos! The Great Spirit, your Father speaks to you through the Great Prophet, and it is death to him who will not listen to the Prophet of the Great Spirit! . . . It is I, the Great Spirit, speaking to you! I will that my red children have back all their

lands from the white men who have taken them. I will turn the bullets of your enemies to thistle-down so that they shall not hurt you, and their powder into sand so it shall do you no harm, and you shall drink freely of the blood of your enemies and you shall have all power in the forests and on the streams from the rising sun to the setting sun. I will give you the signal through my Prophet, Elskwatawa! I, your Father, the Great Spirit, say it to you through the mouth of my son the Prophet! Death to him who will not listen to my voice in the mouth of my Prophet!

With a fierce, blood-curdling whoop the Indians go on with the war-dance more and more vehemently. The sound of drums is heard. Elskwatawa commands his Indians to withdraw to one side. From opposite side comes Governor William Henry Harrison, in the full military uniform of his office, the Secretary of the Territory, John Gibson, and the Judges of the Supreme Court, escorted by American soldiers. They draw up formally, making a space for a council. Tecumseh returns attended by several chiefs. Camp stools are brought forward for the Governor and his officers and for Tecumseh and his chiefs. The Governor and his officers seat themselves. Tecumseh, with Elskwatawa, White Loon, Stone Eater, Winnemac, and other chiefs advance with great dignity. Governor Harrison rises and offers his hand. Tecumseh steps back, draws his blanket about him haughtily and stands motionless and silent. The Governor points to the vacant stools, and says:

HARRISON: Your Great Father offers you a chair to be seated on here by my side.

TECUMSEH: My father! The sun is my father, and the earth is my mother, and I will recline on her bosom.

Tecumseh seats himself on the ground and the other chiefs follow his example.

HARRISON: Brothers, I understand you have complaints to make and redress for certain supposed wrongs to ask for. What are they? I have always been your friend. I will listen to you. Between so great a warrior as Tecumseh and myself there should be no concealment; all should be done under a clear sky and in an open path.

TECUMSEH: I do not know how I can ever again be the friend of the white man. You have cheated us out of our lands. The Great Spirit gave this great island to his red children and placed the whites on the other side of the big water. All the tribes from the Miami to the Mississippi and from the Lakes to the Ohio form one nation. They own the land in common and the land can not be sold without the consent of all. Unless the

Seventeen Fires give up the lands they got from the Miamis, the Delawares and the Pottawattamies at Fort Wayne, I and the tribes who are united with me will fall on those tribes and they shall be no more. The Seventeen Fires have united and they can not object if the Red Men do the same. All the Northern Tribes have united. I am the head of them all. Soon all the Southern Tribes will unite with us also, and we shall all be together, like the Seventeen Fires of the white men.

HARRISON: Brother, if the Great Spirit had intended his red children to be all one nation as you say, he would have put one tongue in all their heads instead of having every tribe speak a different language. The lands were bought from the Miamis who owned them. The Shawnees have no right to come from a distant land south of the Ohio and tell the Miamis what they may do.

TECUMSEH (springing up): He lies!

HARRISON: Brother, listen to me. This is the third year the white people have been alarmed at your proceedings. I have always been your friend, been governed by the strictest rules of right and justice and held toward you the open hand. Tell me now, what will you do?

TECUMSEH: The Great Spirit manages our affairs. I do not know what he will have us do. Brother, do not believe I came here to get presents from you. If you offer, we will not take. By taking goods from you, you will hereafter say that with them you purchased another piece of land from us. If British offer presents, we will not take. But if British offer powder, we will take. With my consent or the consent of the Shawnees you shall never get another foot of land.

HARRISON: Brother, do you really think you are able to contend with the Seventeen Fires; or with one Fire alone? You shall not surprise us. As soon as the Long Knives hear my voice, you shall see them pouring forth their swarms of hunting-shirt men as thick as the mosquitoes on the Wabash. Brother, consider it well. Will you have peace, or are you bent on war?

TECUMSEH: I am sick.

HARRISON: Will you have peace, or will you have war? (Tecumseh rises but answers only with a look.) If you will have war, spare the women and children; let it be a war of men.

TECUMSEH (stretching out his arm its full length with his fist clenched): Your women and children are safe. My warriors against your men.

Tecumseh turns abruptly and strides away. The other Indians rise and follow him. Governor Harrison and his escort depart to the south whence they came. Tecumseh watches them until they are gone. Then he gives a short shrill war-cry. The others stand to heed him.

TECUMSEH: Bring me the war-belt. Get the canoes. You (indicating a number of warriors) come with me. I go beyond the Ohio River; I go far down the Father of Waters, to unite with us the Seminoles, the Creeks, the Chickasaws, the Choctaws and the Cherokees of the south. Until I return, keep peace at all hazards. Do not pick up the tomahawk. Be friends with the Long Knives. Until I, Tecumseh, return, peace. Then we will strike, and the Great Spirit will make of all his red children one nation, and give us all the land from the Lakes to the Big Water and from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi for our own forever.

Shaking the large war-belt in the air he goes quickly to the river, embarks with his chosen warriors in the canoes and paddles swiftly out of sight. Indian village life is resumed. Squaws grind corn, children play about with bows and arrows and with dogs, or fish in the river. This continues long enough to suggest an interval of time. Suddenly two warriors spring up and listen, alert, spring off to the south to reconnoiter and return, giving the alarm. The squaws and children disappear, as do all but the three chiefs, White Loon, Stone Eater and Winnemac. Elskwatawa also remains but soon withdraws after evidently receiving reports and giving instructions, pointing across the river. First American scouts march in as at the head of an army, and then Governor William Henry Harrison, with his staff. Troops are seen behind them. The three chiefs stand forward and beckon them to stop.

WHITE LOON: What does the father of the white men want? Are we not brothers? Why will he thus frighten our squaws and our children?

HARRISON: I have no intention of attacking you unless you refuse to comply with my just demands. I will go on and encamp. In the morning I will talk with the Prophet and his chiefs and explain to him the will of the Great Father, the President of the Seventeen Fires.

WHITE LOON: Good. Friends and brothers. Camp ground over there. To-morrow hold council; smoke peace pipe again.

Stone Eater and Winnemac go with the Governor to guide him to the camp ground and soon the army is seen on the other side of the river making its way up onto the plateau beyond to encamp. White Loon meantime reports to the Prophet, who directs an early attack. There is hurried, stealthy and confident preparation among the Indians.

ELSKWATAWA: The Great Spirit says to his children to strike, not to be afraid but obey the voice of his Prophet. The bullets of your enemies shall not hurt you! Their powder will

turn to sand! Death to him who does not believe the word of the Prophet and obey his voice! All the land of the Northwest has the Great Spirit given to his Prophet, Elskwatawa, and to his red children! When you attack the white men, you will find half of them dead and the other half crazy, so you will have an easy time killing them with your tomahawks and taking their scalps to hang in your lodges! Eeeyo! Yo! Yo! Yo! Eeeeeeyo! ! !

The Indians, dancing frenzied war-dances with suppressed cries gather around him, struggling to touch him, his blanket, his bowl or his beads, and then swiftly stretch out in a long thin line and advance across the river, some swimming, others going around the way the army went. A shot is heard on the other side. Then the hideous war-whoop as the Indians rush forward with the attack. The fight is heard, but only a little seen. Meantime Elskwatawa remains on the other side. There standing alone on the river bank he chants his incantations, with groups of Indian squaws and children here and there watching the progress of the fight. Then it is evident that the Indians are disastrously defeated. The squaws and children flee for their lives. Indians come running down the hill opposite and plunge into the river. Elskwatawa at last sees the result is unquestionable and himself flies for his life. Americans are seen pursuing the Indians until all are gone and no one is in sight. . . . There is a pause. Then on both sides of the river are seen Hoosier pioneers migrating by families north into the new country on foot, on horseback or in wagons. Nothing disturbs their onward silent progress.

II

THE STATE OF INDIANA

(1816)

From both sides, with music in the orchestra based on the Pioneer motif come people of various types of character, occupation and state of life of the time of the Constitutional Convention at Corydon in 1816. They are pioneers and backwoodsmen, farmers, merchants, soldiers of the War of 1812 and a few of the Revolution. Quakers in their broad-brimmed hats and shad-bellied coats, and lawyers with the reminiscent queue of their profession, all bearing characteristic tools or implements of their profession—axes, rifles, swords, scythes, books—and all accompanied by their families. As accumulating they pour in, they sing in chorus:

CHORUS:

To conquer and with tillage bless
This untrod forest wilderness—
In the depths of the forest we open the fields,
And garner the brown soil's golden yields;
With axe and gun our homes defend;
The helping hand to all extend!
So face we the future, plant with homes
the new won land!

To conquer this untrod forest wilderness—
Fearless, ascendant,
Calm, independent,
Face we the future together hand in hand!

The music passes straight on into a graceful sweeping movement, as from either side, both near the grandstand and back by the river, come running swiftly the Indiana Spirits, figures in greens and blues, forms of the constructive spirit that molds community life. These pouring in, circle around the people, and interweaving their paths among them form with them a design in which the people form a broken horse-shoe. Again the people sing:

CHORUS:

America! High Sovereign!
Oh create of us a State!
And in thy heaven-emblazoned flag
Our star infederate!

For our brows the sovereign crown would wear,
And our shoulders sovereign burdens bear,
As we grasp with strong impartial might
The Sword and Scales of Law and Right!
America! Forever be thine honor glorious!
America! Forever be thine honor glorious!

This is encouraged by trumpet peals of The Star-Spangled Banner, wherewith the choral appeal is resumed with increasing urgency and heightened climax. Then along the roadway America enters, on a white horse, bearing the Shield of the United States and carrying the American Flag. She is attended by the eighteen States already in the Union, all on horseback and bearing their State Shields but not their flags. On either side of America come on foot the figures of the Civil Law and the Criminal Law bearing their symbols, the Scales of Justice and the Sword. All the people acclaim America by raising their arms full length. America takes position facing the people, the States in a row behind her, and addresses the people.

AMERICA:

Your prayer I hear, my people, and I grant!
Choose ye now from among you men of worth
To draw the lines of your self-government!

From among the various groups of the people the Convention delegates emerge into the center and form as into a parliamentary body, Jonathan Jennings as President of the Constitutional Convention at their head, and all facing America, who proceeds to charge them.

AMERICA:

For all the men of Indiana, now
Deliberate, consult, decide, and voice
Their will for all the future years! A Form
Of Government prepare to guide the State!

Jonathan Jennings, the President of the Convention, then takes from William Hendricks, the Secretary of the Convention, a scroll, representing the Constitution of 1816, and reads therefrom to the Delegates part of the Preamble and Naming clause.

JENNINGS: We, the People of the Territory of Indiana, do ordain and establish the following Constitution, and do mutually agree with each other to form ourselves into a free and independent State by the name of Indiana. . . . Those who are in favor of this Constitution will say Aye!

DELEGATES: Aye!

All the people raise a great shout. President Jennings turns around and hands the scroll to America, who holds it high over her head. All the eighteen States raise their arms in consent, and again the people raise a great shout. America again addresses the people of Indiana.

AMERICA:

Choose ye now her whom you will have to be
Your State, and bring her to me that I may
Invest her with the garb of Statehood and
Admit her to the Union of the States!

President Jennings and Secretary Hendricks go down and bring forward from among the people a young woman simply clad in pioneer dress, and lead her up before America.

AMERICA: In the name of the American People I create you a State by the name of Indiana; I place the Star of Statehood on your forehead; and I admit you to the Union of the United States.

America places the star upon the young woman's forehead. The robes and shield are brought and placed upon her. The two figures of the Civil and the Criminal Law advance and take their places on either side of her. A horse is brought and she is mounted. America takes a new flag, the Pageant Flag of Indiana, unfurls it and gives it to Indiana as the sign of Sovereignty. Indiana then turns around and America presents her to the Convention and to the People. They raise high their arms in acclamation and sing

THE HYMN TO INDIANA

To heaven raise thy star-crowned head,
Superb Indiana!
Thy future to glory wed
Through toil! Praise God! Hosanna!

Arise! Stand! Strive!
Thy faith revive!
With courage and decision
Press onward toward thy vision!

Arise! Firm! True!
Thy strength renew!
God prosper thy gages
To serve the coming ages!

To heaven raise thy star-crowned head,
Superb Indiana!
Thy future to glory wed
Through toil! Praise God! Hosanna!

As the second time the first line is sung, Indiana, attended by the Civil and the Criminal Law, rides forward among her people, straight down. The Convention close in after her and the people swarm in, following her in massed procession. Indiana leads the way down to the grandstand, to the left and around, passing in review before America and the other States. As she passes America she inclines her flag and America similarly acknowledges the salute. So she passes around until she comes up straight toward America again. Then the Hymn being played by the orchestra as a march, only without singing, America and the eighteen States ride away to the right and out. After a short interval Indiana leads her people out, following America and the States.

EPISODE FOUR

THE CENTER OF THE STATE

(1824)

It is on the White River near the mouth of Fall Creek close by John McCormick's cabin. John McCormick and his wife come out of the woods near their cabin on the river bank. He has an axe on his shoulder; she carries a milk pail. A boy is driving the cow out to pasture. A horse browses through.

McCORMICK: Amos, see thet ar horse don't git too far out into the woods. You better hobble him.

MRS. McCORMICK: Sam, hurry up with that churn!

Sam comes in with a rude butter churn and stool. Mrs. McCormick pours the cream into the churn and commences to make butter. Amos returns, catches the horse and puts an easy hobble on him. George Pogue comes in on horseback.

POGUE: Hello, the house! Who keeps the house?

McCORMICK: Who's yere? Well, George, which way are you going?

POGUE: Over to Conner's to get some corn.

McCORMICK: Be gone long?

POGUE: No, only four days, I guess; jest goin' over and straight back. Seen anything more of them commissioners?

McCORMICK: Not for more nor a week. They'd oughta be round before long.

POGUE: Say, John, do yer think there's any chance of our getting the capital?

McCORMICK: Don't really think there is, George. I cal'clate they decide on the Bluffs.

There is a call from across the river. "Hello! Hello, the house!" Three men are over there. McCormick goes down to get his boat.

McCORMICK: That looks to me like Tipton,—and General Bartholomew, and the third one,—the man from Jackson County, Durham.

He shouts back to them and immediately goes down to the water, gets into his boat and rows over. Meantime the other Capital Commissioners come in from the north,—Governor Jennings, George

Hunt of Wayne County, John Conner of Fayette, and Benjamin I. Blythe, the Secretary of the Commission, first, with Bill, the negro boy, following them; then a little later, Stephen Ludlow of Dearborn, John Gilliland of Switzerland County, Frederick Rapp of Posey, and Thomas Emison of Knox County.

MRS. McCORMICK: How do you do, Governor, glad to see ye all back again.

JENNINGS: Thank you, Mrs. McCormick; we are glad to get back also. Is John about?

MRS. McCORMICK: Just across the river to ferry some men over.

JENNINGS: Oh, yes! That's the other men, Tipton and Bartholomew and Durham.

POGUE: Going to settle it to-day, Governor?

JENNINGS: I hope they will. Bill, make a fire and cook us some dinner.

MRS. McCORMICK: We have plenty for all, Governor.

JENNINGS: Oh, we will make out very well. We shot a fine buck this morning and shall insist on your accepting of a saddle.

Mrs. McCormick and her children bring out a kettle and other cooking articles to help out what the negro has. He makes a camp fire and proceeds to cook some venison and to prepare such food as he has. The horses are hobbled at one side. One or two Indians pass by; they ask and are given something to eat, which they take and go on.

McCormick reaches the bank, and comes up to join the others with the three other Commissioners, John Tipton of Harrison, Joseph Bartholomew of Clark, and Jesse B. Durham of Jackson County, and a boy, Williamson Dunn Maxwell, a boy 15 years old. There are greetings all around. Other settlers begin to come in, some as coming into the new country to settle, some as if already settled and coming from their cabins only a few miles away. Among them are Jacob Whetzell and Matthias Nowland. All announce their approach with the cry, "Hello, the house! Who keeps the house?" The Commissioners gather round the campfire and eat without formally sitting down to it.

JENNINGS: Where is Judge Loughlin? McCormick, have you seen Judge Loughlin? He said he would have the survey finished by to-day.

McCORMICK: Not seen him since you were here, Governor, but heard of him running his lines down by the Bluffs. Jacob Whetzell saw him.

WHETZELL: Yes, he was down there, said he expected to be up here to John's about to-day.

TIPTON: Nice place you've got down there on the Bluffs, Jake.

WHETZELL: Yes, fine place there; high and dry and good timber. We'll have a fine town there, too, some day.

A herd of deer come down to the water to drink at the other side of the river, or pass along.

McCORMICK: Here comes Judge Loughlin!

Judge Loughlin with his chain men and axe men come in from the south. He carries a chart as well as the transit. He is cordially greeted as he comes up.

HUNT: The lines run, Judge? Survey finished?

LOUGHLIN: All ready for you.

HUNT: Alright then. Now, gentlemen, let us come to order!

TIPTON: I don't mind, Mr. President, just so you don't stop me eating this piece of venison steak.

BARTHOLOMEW: I guess each one knows what he wants. There's the three places. I move you, Mr. Chairman, that you name the places and we show hand for our preferences.

HUNT: Well, gentlemen, if that procedure is agreeable,—those in favor of Conner's raise their hands.

John Conner and Stephen Ludlow raise their hands. Blythe announces the count each time. One or two Indians, passing by, stop and stolidly watch the proceedings for a few minutes and then go on.

BLYTHE: Two.

HUNT: Fall Creek.

Gilliland, Bartholomew and Tipton raise their hands.

BLYTHE: Three.

HUNT: The Bluffs.

Durham, Emison and Rapp raise their hands.

BLYTHE: Three.

HUNT: Tie between Fall Creek and the Bluffs, gentlemen.

The interest of the McCormicks and other settlers gets very evident; they become quite excited without intruding improperly with the Commissioners.

DURHAM: That place down at the Bluffs is a fine place; it is high, and dry,—

TIPTON: Yes, Colonel, but this place here at Fall Creek is nearer the center of the State. If we're going to move the Capital from Corydon clear up here into the wilderness, miles beyond the frontier, that is the chief thing for us to look out for, so's when the state is built up and there's towns all through here, it may be equal distance and convenient for all. The Capital must belong to all the State alike!

BARTHOLOMEW: Then, too, there's the best landing for boa. down here a piece there is anywhere around in these parts, and become a large town in fifty or a hundred years. They'll make Fall Creek is a fine mill-stream. The Capital of this State will things there; they'll have mills and they'll need some way to take their goods to market, to New Orleans and down the river. Well, here is the stream for the mills and good navigation in the river for transportation to market,—right here.

NOWLAND: If I might say something, your Honor,—I know I ain't got no right to speak, but this here place at Fall Creek's the best place of all for the State Capital. I'm from Kaintucky, and I tell you if you fix her here, I'll move out here with my family next fall and I'll git a lot of other Kaintucky men to come along too. (Cheers.)

CONNER: As it looks like we can't get the Capital to our place, I think this here at Fall Creek's my second choice. Nothing against your place, Whetzell.

WHETZELL: I reckon you and me's going to meet each other half way, John!

TIPTON: Mr. Chairman, I move you that we select this place at the mouth of Fall Creek for the location of the new Capital and permanent Seat of Government of the State of Indiana.

ALL: Aye!

HUNT: Wait a moment, gentlemen. I am happy to find it evident that you are all in perfect concert and harmony and suffer no interest but that of the public to guide you in your selection, but let us have this motion in legal form. Judge Loughlin, will you tell us, if you please, what is the correct legal designation for this location.

LOUGHLIN: It is sections 1 and 12, and east and west fractional sections 2 and 11, and so much off of the east side of west fractional section number 3 as will altogether equal in amount four entire sections in range 15 north of Range 3, east.

HUNT: You have heard General Tipton's motion and Judge Loughlin's designation of the location. Those who are in favor of this location will say "Aye."

ALL: Aye! (Loud cheers and general good feeling.)

HUNT: Now, gentlemen, step up and sign the Secretary's report and then a motion to adjourn will be in order.

In turn they all sign the Secretary's report, placing the paper on saddle bags or any convenient article for the purpose. The Chairman, George Hunt, then formally hands the report to Governor Jennings.

HUNT: Your Excellency, the Commission appointed by you on January 11, 1820, to select a site for the State Capital herewith submit to you their report.

JENNINGS: Gentlemen, in accepting your report I want to thank you in behalf of the State of Indiana for the eminent faithfulness and ability with which you have discharged your duties under this commission. The Legislature will more formally express its appreciation. It hardly seems possible that a better choice could have been made. I shall urge the State Treasurer, Mr. Samuel Merrill, to remove the executive offices of the government to this place as soon as it may be practicable.

BARTHOLOMEW: Mr. Chairman, I move you that the Commission appointed for the Location of a Permanent Seat of Government for the State of Indiana do now adjourn sine die.

The horses of the Commissioners are brought. As they are mounting more and more settlers arrive, passing through to find homes in the New Purchase. The greeting is often repeated, "Hello, the house! Who keeps the house?" Just as the Commissioners are about to ride away, a small ferry flat with a canoe tied alongside is rowed up to the river bank. Both are loaded with the household goods of two families moving to the mouth of Fall Creek.

MAN ON BOAT: Hello, the house! Is there a settlement here?

McCORMICK: Yes, stranger, and welcome! There's going to be a big settlement here.

SEVERAL: This is to be the Capital of the State!

TIPTON: Yours is the first boat landed at the Seat of Government, and history should record the fact. It is now 6:45 o'clock and I will write it down in my diary. (Cheers.) John, I must pay you for that corn and whisky. How much do I owe you?

McCORMICK: That is sixty-two and a half cents.

TIPTON: There you are.

JENNINGS: You are coming with us, Judge?

LOUGHLIN: Who's to lay out this town, Governor?

JENNINGS: The Commission consists of James W. Jones, Samuel P. Booker and Christopher Harrison. The surveyor will be Alexander Ralston, a distinguished engineer who assisted Major L'Enfant in laying out the National Capital at Washington.

LOUGHLIN: Excellent! Well, then, I will wait until he comes, so as to point out to him the range lines and help him in any way I can.

JENNINGS: That will be very good of you. Goodby, my friends!

Amid responses of "Goodby" and cheers the Governor and the Commissioners ride off, Governor Jennings and the Chairman, George Hunt, in front, and the negro, Bill, with his camp and cooking equipment packed on a horse at the rear.

New settlers come in continuously. They are told that this is the new Capital and many express their intention of remaining. Some few have the "aigger." These are kindly treated, but evidently it is nothing extraordinary. Dr. Isaac Coe, both with his large ministrations of Peruvian bark and wine and with his cheerful, reassuring friendliness, attends to the sick in an indefatigable, self-sacrificing manner. Once in a while an Indian appears, but only for a moment. A distant call is heard and soon the Hon. Christopher Harrison, the old Scotchman, Alexander Ralston, and his assistant, Elias P. Fordham, ride in, their instruments on a led horse.

HARRISON: Hello, the house!

LOUGHLIN: Here they are! Ah, Judge Harrison, glad to see you! I have finished my part of the work and now turn it over to you and to—

HARRISON: Mr. Ralston; Judge Loughlin.

LOUGHLIN: To you and to Mr. Ralston to finish.

HARRISON: I have the honor to have been appointed one of the Commissioners to lay out the new Capital, but none of the others has thus far appeared. However, that need not disturb us. Mr. Ralston here is the only man we really need. We will proceed with the work.

McCORMICK: What's the name of the town to be, do you know, Judge?

HARRISON: Yes, John—

MANY: What is it? What is the name?

HARRISON: Indianapolis!

ALL: What? Say it again!

HARRISON: Indianapolis! It means the City of Indiana! Indianapolis! Jeremiah Sullivan of Madison and Samuel Merrill suggested it.

ALL: Indianapolis! Hooray! Indianapolis! (Cheers.)

HARRISON (to the crowd): My friends, we shall want men with axes to clear the streets as soon as they are laid out. Who is ready?

MANY MEN: I! I! I! We are ready!

Those who have axes wave them in the air; those who have not go to get them. A horn is heard blowing far off in the woods, and then nearer and nearer.

SEVERAL: It is Drake! It is the Post! It is Aaron Drake! (Cheers.)

Aaron Drake rides in blowing his long tin horn vociferously. His saddle-bags are full of mail, which he begins to distribute among the people, calling their names.

DRAKE: Mr. Merrill is a-comin' with the State Treasury and all the papers, and John Douglas, the State printer, with his press and all. I passed them on the road. They had to go slow, but I have made it from Conner's in only three days and a half. They'll be here soon, though,—to-day.

SEVERAL: More nor twenty miles a day! That's goin'! Aaron's the one to bring the mail! How's your ole hoss?

Johnnie Hager drives his ox-team in from the direction of Cincinnati. He is greeted with welcoming shouts.

HAGER: Gee! Haw! Whoa!

The women especially gather around his ox-cart to buy from him the groceries, cloth and other necessities which were obtainable only by means of his fast ox express.

Cheers break out at the edge of the crowd, as Mr. Samuel Merrill with his wagons conveying his wife and three children and the Treasury and papers of the State of Indiana comes driving in. His dog, Ben, perfectly black and stump-tailed, trots alongside. With him also is John Douglas, the State Printer and his wife and three children, his goods, and press. They have altogether three wagons, —one, the State wagon with four horses, and the other two with two horses each,—and one saddle horse. The cheering is long and lusty. Mr. Merrill acknowledges the welcome with cordiality, yet with great dignity and modesty.

MERRILL: I thank you, my kind friends, for this most hearty welcome! (Cheers.) I bring the Treasury of the State, the archives and the official papers. Your town is now indeed the Capital of Indiana. Here shall indeed the people of all sections gather to build up for future days a great Commonwealth. I have come to live here the rest of my life. I have brought my family, my books, all I possess. As you and I do our part, just so in our children's days, and their children's days shall this town of Indianapolis be in truth the City of Indiana, the City of ALL Indiana! (Long and prolonged cheering.) Well,

John! How are you, Hannah? Glad to see you again, Sam! Ah, Dr. Coe! I know every one here blesses your name!

DR. COE: Well, Mr. Merrill, I do what I can for them. I am truly delighted to see you here.

MERRILL: There are great times ahead!

DR. COE: There are, indeed! If we could only get rid of this fever and ague! It is carrying away a good many,—all over the State, I hear. But when that is past, we shall read and talk!

MERRILL: I have brought my library!

DR. COE: Good! Good! How many volumes have you?

MERRILL: Over 2,000 volumes.

DR. COE: Wonderful! You and Calvin Fletcher have fine collections of literature! But, Mr. Merrill, there is sad need for a school here.

MERRILL: What! Is there no school?

DR. COE: There is no one here competent to teach school!

SEVERAL: If you would only undertake it, Mr. Merrill! Oh, Mr. Merrill, do undertake it!

MERRILL: Well, if I can make time without interfering with my duties as State Treasurer. There is certainly a close connection between the proper education of the children and economy in State finances. I will try it,—until we can find some one more competent. (Cheers, especially from the women and children.) Now, come, we must get these boxes into good shelter, and we must settle ourselves in our new homes.

HARRISON: Come, my friends, Mr. Ralston is ready for us to begin clearing Washington Street and the Circle! There shall be the center of the city which is the center and meeting place of the State.

There are loud and prolonged cheers again, as the men with their axes go off to clear the trees out of Washington Street and out of the Circle, and the women and children go along to watch or to their own various occupations, and the wagons in which Mr. Merrill has transferred the Government of Indiana go on to unload at his cabin at Washington and Tennessee Streets.

With the music of Death and Oblivion again the Forms sweep over the scene, leaving no vestige of the days when Indianapolis was made to be the new Capital of Indiana at the center of the State, the pioneer Hoosier strains of "Ole Dan Tucker" being heard as an obbligato in the music.

EPISODE FIVE

THE DAYS OF THE FLATBOATS

(1830)

From one side come two men and from the other three more of various ages, followed by women and children of their families, going down to the river bank. The men are carrying carpenter tools, the women lighter farm tools, such as rakes or baskets.

BENJAMIN: Well, Abram, reckon we'd better be finishing up the flatboat and starting down to Orleens.

ABRAM: Yes, it's about time. Might as well take the water on the early flood!

BENJAMIN: 'Twon't take us long to put the last touches on her. Pole her down here, boys.

Two of the sons run up the bank a short distance and quickly pole down a flatboat which wants but little of completion. The men all get to work on it, putting on the deckhouse, finishing the big oars and the steering sweep. While they are working, a flatboat comes swiftly drifting down the river, a man at the steering oar at the stern, others sitting around on the deck. They cheer as they pass and the people on shore answer in turn.

ABRAM: Hi! Eben! We'll be along pretty soon! Tie up at the levee foot of Canal Street! See you there!

EBEN: Alright!

A hay wagon is driven down to the river near the flatboat. At about the same time a drove of hogs are driven through from one side to the other.

BENJAMIN: Hurry up with them hogs, if any of that meat's goin' down on this load! Don't know's we'll have much room.

ABRAM: Now that hay! Pack it tight! Get out of the way there, you young uns! Go help yer ma an' the gals bring down the stuff!

The women and girls bring down food for the men on the trip and small things to be sold,—a basket of eggs, a half dozen hens, a firkin of butter.

TOMMY: Here's my gingseng root. Where'll I put it?

BENJAMIN: Chuck it up there in front. Mother, yer keeping the list of what we put on, so we can make up the counts right?

MOTHER: I've got it all, Ben.

JIMMY: Hi, Tommy. I wisht 'it I c'd go!

TOMMY: I'm a-goin' next year; or year after that. Pap said I c'd.

JIMMY: Ma! c'n I go? I wanta go.

MOTHER: No, you can not. What'd you do coming back? You could not walk all the way from New Orleens to Indiany. Time enough for you when you're older.

JIMMY: Aw, but they might not have flatboats when I'm grown up.

MOTHER: Don't be afraid, as long as Indiany raises corn and hogs, they'll sell in New Orleens, and they'll go by flatboat.

ABRAM: Where's thet ar corn? Yell to Sam to bring along that corn!

Several of the youngsters promptly begin and continue to obey Sam comes driving a wagon loaded with corn. They proceed to load that on the flatboat. Another wagon of apples, great round red apples, in barrels, is driven down.

MOTHER: Those are the kind that Johnny himself likes best.

BENJAMIN: Yes, them's Rambos.

SALLY: Who's Johnny?

BENJAMIN: Johnny Appleseed? An old man who planted orchards all through Ohio and Indiana before the pioneers came. Went round all by himself. He started our orchard there years ago.

ABRAM: He started our orchard too. Father told me how he was coming through the forest once and found this man, looked like a beggar, a-setting out a orchard, an' he asked him who he was doing that for, and he said, for the first man and woman that came along and wanted it, so father and mother said this was where they'd settle.

SALLY: Look at that oriole!

TOMMY: They's lots of orioles in the orchard this year.

ABRAM: Johnny brought them too. When I was a youngster, there was no birds of thet kind in Indiana,—orioles, and robins, and bluebirds. Johnny brought the orchards and the orchards brought the birds.

MOTHER: Made it a lot more home-like.

BENJAMIN: Now hold back the rest of those apples until we get that hog packed. Give us those shoulders first and then the bacon.

ABRAM (singing): Hog an' hominy!
Hog an' hominy!
Make the cotton nigger grow!

BENJAMIN: That's what they do!

ABRAM: Thet's what!

BENJAMIN: We send pork and corn to the South to feed the niggers; they grow cotton and send it to New England to be 'factured into goods; Yankees send it along the lakes an' down the Ohio to Indiany to help raise more hog an' hominy, an' so it goes round an' round.

ABRAM: Thet's it: Indiany—New Orleens—Boston—Indiany!

A half dozen men come swinging along at a good pace up from the south. They have staves in their hands and bundles on their backs or on their staves. They are returning home from New Orleans. All greet each other jovially. A last lot of pork shoulders and bacon are brought down, and the last loading of the boat is done as they talk. The men homeward bound go on up the river.

HOMECOMERS: Hello! Hello! What kind of a trip d'you have?

FARMER: Fine trip, most of the way. Bad about Island No. 10.

HOMECOMERS: What they giving for corn now?

FARMERS: Corn's going up. We got two bits and a fip.

HOMECOMERS: Any trouble coming back?

FARMERS: Just a little fight; nothing serious, though 't might ha' been.

HOMECOMERS: How long you been?

FARMERS: Five weeks; going right smart pace.

HOMECOMERS: Sold your boat lumber easy?

FARMERS: Sold the boat first thing when we tied up at the Levee.

While this is going on near the river bank, a stage-coach drives slowly in from the north. The horses are jaded and worn; the wheels are clotted with mud. The few passengers are exhausted with fatigue and some of the men are trailing along behind with a couple of fence rails to help the coach across deep mud-holes. The driver cracks his whip in vain over his team, as they slowly drag along. They present a strong contrast to the fresh cheer of the people who travel by water.

MOTHER: The poor things! Won't you stop and rest?

ABRAM: They wouldn't have time.

The stage-coach passes on and disappears. The farming people stand a moment looking after it.

When all is ready, the flatboat is pushed out a little ways into the stream. The men who are going down to New Orleans say goodby to their families. One man takes his place at the steering

sweep and two others at the big oars and they row it out into the current, singing "Old Quebec" or some other song of the day. Another flatboat loaded high with the farm products of Indiana comes down the river. There are cheers from both boats and the people on shore who are waving goodby to their own men. The men rush to the oars on both and there is a little race between the two as they drift down the river out of sight; while the people on shore cheer and wave. Then they return home together with the empty wagons.

III

ST. FRANCIS OF THE ORCHARDS

The music begins with a high chord, brilliant, held tremolo with shimmering effect while ascending arpeggios of harps and strings topped by stirring peals of the trumpets give voice to the Celestial motif. After this pronouncement the music passes into strains suggestive of the wilderness. From the woods there comes an old man, alone, leading a horse. While very old and quite feeble, he is a man of alert, fine, virile character, with quick but gentle manner. He is gaunt and beardless. He is in rags, which, however, he wears unconsciously with noble dignity. He leads his horse with one hand and carries a branch of apple blossoms and a book in the other. The horse is laden with bags of appleseeds, with bundles of apple sprouts and with the simple tools for the laying out and the care of orchards. The harness is of rope and in the bridle is a spray of apple blossoms. It is John Chapman, sometimes called by the Indians and the pioneers Johnny Appleseed.

He stops as he comes in, looks about him and admires the view up the river, gazing at it long and quietly with the happy smile of a joyous nature. He looks about him again, selects a secluded, sunny nook suited to his purpose, ties his horse to a tree and begins to prepare the ground for his seedlings. As he digs up the ground and crumbles it in his hand to soften it, gleams of the Celestial Music are heard from time to time in the orchestra. As he sows the appleseed and plants the apple sprouts, here and there through the underbrush near him, unseen by him, appear Angels holding up their hands with branches of apple blossoms in blessing over him. For only a moment are they seen, then are gone; for another moment again and then are gone.

When he has finished his work, he kneels down by the little planting, the book and the spray of apple blossoms in his hand, and prays over the seed he has planted, for blessings on his efforts and on the people for whom he would make beautiful and pleasant the way before them. With his prayer the music becomes simple and straightforward, in spirit like an old New England hymn, while again the Angels appear behind him with branches of apple blossoms in their hands stretched out over him. Exhausted for the moment with his labor and his feeling, he sinks down weak upon the ground.

With music based upon the Pioneer motif, along the road come a group of pioneers, Quakers, men, women and children, some on horseback, some in a Conestoga wagon, some on foot, making their way into the wilderness of Indiana to make for themselves and their children a home. They see the old man sunk down upon the ground, stop their caravan, and go to him in simple kindliness to help him. The Indiana theme is heard reminiscently in the music. He revives under their friendly ministrations. Then sitting up, he attracts their attention to the little orchard he has just planted, urges upon them in some detail the proper care of it, holds out the apple blossoms to one of the women and tells one of the children where they will find some nice red juicy apples in the pack on his horse. Bringing a stool for him from the Conestoga wagon, the people seat him on it and gather around him.

He caresses the children at his knee, playing with them, showing them how the pink of the blossoms develops into the glowing red of the apple and then into the healthy rosiness of their cheeks, teaching them the wonder and beauty of Nature, as if with the words in mind, "And in the midst He planted a Garden." Then he stretches out his hands; they all kneel about him and he offers a prayer for them and for his wilderness. Again the Prayer Music rises, simple in form and spirit as before, but richer in harmony and content, increasingly more and more glorious, the strains of supplication and the gleams of the Celestial Music meeting and answering each other, as again the Angels appear behind the old man and pour out in numbers here and there through all the woodside.

The music quiets down. The Celestial Music alone sounds through the air as in exaltation of spirit the old man half rises from his seat, gazing up into the sky and one hand stretched out toward his little planting. Off to one side in the edge of the woods appears for a moment, among the Angels there, a young girl, simply clad in clothes of a long time before and holding in her hand a branch of apple blossoms. The old man stretches out his hand to her, and then one hand stretched out to the girl and one to his planting, he sinks back into the arms of the simple pioneer people about him. The Angels surge forward around him. Trumpets peal forth through the Celestial Music their notes of triumphant renunciation. The men tenderly lift the body of the old orchardist, lay it in the wagon, and depart on their way. The Angels hover about the place a moment more while the Celestial Music still re-echoes through the wilderness and then disappear back into the forest undergrowth.

EPISODE SIX

THE CANALS AND THE RAILROADS

(1837-1847)

Some men come through with scythes, cradles and other harvesting implements of about 1840. Coming from the other direction on horseback comes a candidate for election.

FERGUSON: Hello! Who keeps here?

FARMER: Hello, stranger! Won't you light?

FERGUSON: Don't know but I might. My name's Ferguson and I'm a-running for the Legislature.

FARMER: Oh, you air! Well, we're glad to see yer! T'other feller was by just a bit ago. He almighty pitched into your party for nigh onto wrecking the whole State with your canal system.

FERGUSON: Why, my friends, thet a'r canal is the greatest thing for you farmers ever was or could be. Is not Indiana raising more farm produce nor ever before? More hogs an' more corn?

SEVERAL: That's right. That's right.

FARMER: Wall, I know I ain't complaining, just so's I get a chance to sell my stuff.

FERGUSON: That's it exactly! How are you going to get your corn an' hogs to New Orleans if you don't have canals? How is any Indiana farmer goin' to? We got to have canals an' we have got to have them right off, and we got to have them all over the State. We can not favor one county and slight another. My friends, don't you know that there is less water in this here river than there was when you was a boy? And you send your stuff in bigger loads and on bigger boats than your dad did then. My friends, you need WATER! and canals is the only way you're a-goin' to git it!

FARMER: Wall, thet ar sounds almighty reasonable, but so did what t'other feller said when he was a-talking. He said he'd be back this way. I'd kinder like to hear you two fellers talking together right same time.

ALL: Hey! Hooray!

ONE: Here, Sam, you git on the plow horse and put it after him! Bring him back! Tell him t'other feller's yere! We'll have a jawin'!

Sam does as bid, quickly unhitches the horse, jumps on his back and bounces away at a plowed field gallop. A canal boat comes into

view on the canal opposite, towed slowly along by two horses. On it are people sitting on deck and others are walking along at one side. When just opposite, the canal boat stops, a plank is put across, some people go on and others come off the boat carrying their hand luggage. These come down toward the river with evident intention of crossing.

ONE MAN: Them folks going t' take the stage, 't 'pears.

Sam comes back with the other candidate. There is a cheer. The two candidates bow stiffly to each other, pull down their coats and clear their throats, neither really relishing this extempore encounter. Other Hoosiers, men, women and children, come in; quite a crowd gathers.

MITCHELL: I am delighted, my friends, to come back and discuss this little matter with my opponent!

FERGUSON: This is the first time you've been delighted when I was in the neighborhood. I was al'ays a-looking for you!

MITCHELL: Well, it will not take long to show who was doing the looking and who was doing the running! I am sorry to say I shall have to take the stage when it comes. My engagements call for me up the National Road to-morrow, but that will be plenty of time! Now, sir, will you speak first?

FERGUSON: Oh, you can speak first, if you like.

MITCHELL: No, you.

FERGUSON: No, no; I beg you proceed.

Both are looking around for the stage or anything that will relieve the situation.

FARMER: Wall, he says the canals will be the making of the State, an'—

MITCHELL: The making of the State!—they will be the ruin of the State! More than $8,000,000 was spent in one bill of the Legislature there in 1836 by this man and his political friends, the "Wabash Band!" Let him explain "the Eating Brigade" if he can! Canals!

FERGUSON: I believe the gentleman himself voted for the Internal Improvement Bill of 1836, on condition that his own district get a railroad. Does he mean to impugn the character of the Fund Commissioners?—men like Samuel Hanna of Fort Wayne, and David H. Maxwell of Bloomington? And David Burr, of Indianapolis? Now I am just a plain ordinary Hoosier like you, and I—judge—men. I know Samuel Hanna; I know David Maxwell; and I am willing to trust the destinies of my State and my own welfare to their guidance! (Great cheering, long repeated, and vociferous.)

MITCHELL: I commend the gentle, confiding character of my opponent. I should like to ask him if his trust has gone to the extent of his personally investing his own money in these projects!

FERGUSON: Yes! I have.

MITCHELL: Ah, he has. Then, my friends, I think it is clear without further argument on my part why my friend is so enthusiastic in his support of the canal system. He's got money invested in it. I confess I should be also, were I in his position.

FARMER: By cracky, he's got 'im! (There is an outburst of anger.)

FERGUSON: And I repeat, I HAVE, and so have YOU, and YOU and YOU, I'll warrant; and every enterprising man in Indiana who had money to invest, if not by directly buying stock, then by buying land near the canals, or some way, so as to be ready to take advantage of the boom when it comes. I'll bet our critical friend here himself has money in it.

MITCHELL: I have not. Canals? No, no!

FERGUSON: In the railroad then!

MITCHELL: That is another matter. We are not discussing railroads.

FERGUSON: But we are going to! Let me tell you—

MITCHELL: Don't you shake your fist at me!

FERGUSON: I will shake my fist at you if I please! (He stops, however.) Are you to be guided by experience in serious public problems or are we to follow the absurd speculations of visionaries? Look at New York! The Erie Canal has added three times as much to the value of the land as the canal cost. A traveler I met on the stage coach only the other day told me that on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal as far as his eye could reach he saw an unbroken line of canal boats going East. Right at our doors, Ohio has completed two magnificent canals from Lake Erie to the Ohio River, and they are paying handsomely! Experience says "Build canals! Borrow money, if necessary, but build canals!" Indiana has never been content, and I pray God never will be content anywhere but in the front. (Cheers.) Am I right?

CROWD: That's right! Right you are!

FERGUSON: Indiana will have, as soon as these canals are finished, the best canal system in America, or in the World! (Big cheers.) Indiana will be THE CANAL STATE! Now, damn you! what you got to say to that?

MITCHELL: I will call you to account for that remark after this is over, and damn YOU! I will lick you out o' your breeches!

CROWD: Hi! Hi! Go it, mister! Don't take that from him! Hit him!

MITCHELL: That will do! Not now! Indiana and all these States send their produce down to New Orleans in March, and there is so much produce comes down into New Orleans at one time that the whole city can not take care of it. What's the result? Prices go down and goods spoil! You know that yourself. Don't you send your stuff down to New Orleans ahead of the others and sell while prices hold—so as to sell while you can sell at all? Of course you do. And this man here, and his party tell you the thing to do is to spend millions of dollars on canals, to stake the financial credit of the State, so that more men can send more stuff down to New Orleans to crowd the market still more! Is there any sense in that? A way to New York, new markets is what we want!

FERGUSON: The Wabash and Erie Canal connecting with the lakes and the Erie Canal in New York will do that!

MITCHELL: But railroads will do it better. Whether by horse or by steam power railroads will transport goods all the year round, not only when there is a spring freshet in the Ohio and the Mississippi Rivers!

CROWD: Steam! Ha, ha, ha! Steam!

MITCHELL: Yes, steam!

FERGUSON: Now, my friends, you can judge for yourself which of us is crazy. Which is cheaper, to let a ton of produce float down stream on a boat or to hitch a horse to it, or two horses, or four horses, and haul it up hill and down hill to your market? The National Road is a great, a wonderful thing! But you can not expect to have a net-work of national highways. One east and west, uniting the Union; and some day maybe one also north and south! But in the good old days when your fathers and my father came out into the wilderness and made the State of Indiana, the rivers were the highways and they will be until the end of time! But steam! Steam! Why—

MITCHELL: Yes, steam! The gentleman knows perfectly well that steam has been used for years for power on boats. You come back on steamboats from New Orleans every time you go down. He knows that in Maryland and in New York a steam railroad is in operation right now to-day, and that here in Indiana at Lawrenceburg the thing has been successfully demonstrated.

FERGUSON: Oh, yes, that is all true. But we are talking about practical problems of transporting the farm produce of the entire State. Every one here knows that what you say is nonsense. It is not practical; it is visionary.

MITCHELL: It is not visionary! You will see for yourselves in a short time, when this Madison & Indianapolis Railroad is completed, you will see that it is practical. (All laugh.) It is the truth! (All laugh.)

FERGUSON: It is not the truth.

MITCHELL: Do you mean to call me a liar?

A turmoil is ripening rapidly. Some threateningly taking Ferguson's part; others while not exactly taking the part of Mitchell, yet energetically arranging for a fair fight. The excitement is interrupted by the horn sounding clear and prosperous of the stage coach on the National Highway. People have been coming in and increasing the crowd during the discussion, some evidently intending to take the stage. All is bustle and running around. The fight and the merits of canals vs. railroads are promptly forgotten in imminent expectation of the arrival of the great event of the day, the stage of the National Road. The horn is heard again quite near, and with prancing horses and whirl of whip the stage drives in amid the cheers of the crowd. The driver jumps down from his seat. Small boys gather around him with awe and around the horses. Hostlers run out and change the horses. People get off and out of the stage coach; others get in. Some one in the crowd recognizes Samuel Merrill, the president of the Madison & Indianapolis Railroad, to whom Mitchell goes up and speaks.

SEVERAL: There's Samuel Merrill! There's Hugh McCulloch of Fort Wayne!

There are cheers for both, cheers and call for a speech. Mr. Merrill mounts to the top of the stage-coach to address the crowd.

MERRILL: I thank you, my kind friends, for this compliment. (Cheers.) I will take this opportunity to make an announcement to you which I am sure you will be glad to hear. The Madison & Indianapolis Railroad is nearly completed! (Cheers.) In a very short time now the tracks will reach this place and the steam locomotive hauling a train of several successive cars loaded with people and their personal property will arrive. (Cheers, long and loud.) Further, the Madison & Indianapolis Railroad Company will on the day the road is completed take passengers along the whole or any part of the route for one-third the usual rates, and they will take families or parts of families at the same rate for the ensuing week, with the understanding that ladies alone, if their number shall be sufficient for the purpose, shall occupy the covered cars. If any person shall wish to take a ride on the afternoon of the day of the celebration, they may ride to Franklin and back at twenty-five cents each. (Loud cheers as he descends.)

PEOPLE IN CROWD: Oh, to think of that! I want to go! . . . I would not dare! . . . But you can go to Franklin and back for twenty-five cents! . . . But you might get killed going or coming. And if anything happened I would not know how to stop the cars. I'd want to get off. . . . The train goes at a turable speed, I heard tell. . . . If anything would happen it would kill you. . . . I'd ask him not to go so fast! . . .

They goes ten miles an hour, they say! . . . I don't think it's right to go so fast; it's tempting God!

There are cries for McCulloch, and he mounts the stage as Merrill comes down.

McCULLOCH: I thank you, my friends. I am just passing through from Fort Wayne to Terre Haute on the errands of the State Bank. I am not much of an orator, but—(Cries of Yes, you are!)—I thank you!—but I want to say that I believe that this opening of the railroad from Madison to Indianapolis is one of the most important days in the history of Indiana. This railroad and the other railroads that I am sure will follow it will bind our capital city to the whole State as it has never been heretofore. Indianapolis from the very beginning has been isolated. This will be so no longer. The management of this daring enterprise could not be in safer hands than in those of my friends, Mr. Merrill and his associates, and I foresee that in time Indiana will have its network of railroads all over the State, and by railroads running east and west through the State be the highway between the East and the farther West.

Again there are loud cheers. The stage is ready to proceed. The driver mounts to his seat and cracks his whip. All clear out of the way. The stage dashes off. The two candidates go along together with the stage. Just at the last moment a family of flustered father, fat mother, and several children with multitudinous baggage, comes running out of breath to catch the stage. The young ones stumble and fall and are upbraided therefor by their parents. Baggage is spilled as they come, and it is everybody's fault. At the last they stand victims of fate, disheartened, watching the stage coach disappear down the road.

Men are seen laying the track of the railroad which has now quite reached the grounds. A cannon begins to boom.

CROWD: The train is going! The cars are coming! Hooray! Hooray!

Samuel Merrill and other officials come in a formal procession. Among them is Henry Ward Beecher. Many other people also come in and the crowd gather to witness the final ceremonies of opening the railroad. Mr. Merrill takes a hammer and a spike from the foreman.

MERRILL: I now lay the last rail and drive the last spike that completes the Madison & Indianapolis Railroad.

He drives the spike. There are loud cheers. The whistle of the engine is heard and the ringing of the bell and the first train rolls in,

and stops. People pack the cars and there is much cheering and waving of flags. The engine blows off steam.

A MAN: Look out! She's a-going to turn!

The crowd scramble back away from the engine. A woman falls back over a basket of eggs. There is great confusion and excitement for a moment and then all cautiously edge up again to examine the iron horse.

MERRILL: Now, those who are to ride back to Franklin and to Madison—all aboard! Take your places! Good-by, Mr. Beecher. Will you not say something to the people—one farewell word?

BEECHER: My dear friends—you are more than friends to me! You are my youth, you are the promise of my life! I leave you with much sorrow though I go eager for the new opportunities that await me. I go on the first railroad train out of Indianapolis, but also the trains will, I trust, bring me back to you again many times. I shall never forget you, my friends—you especially, my young men! We have grown and struggled and won our way together. I love you all. Good-by! God bless you; God bless us all!

People crowd up to say good-by to the preacher. He and his family taking their baggage, get into the train. The engine whistles, the bell rings, and the train slowly backs out.

WOMAN: Oh! ! ! It's going backward! Let me off!

Mid loud cheers the train departs, the people following after to see it as long as they can. The men meantime quietly take up the rails. All go away one way or another.

With the music of Death and Oblivion, the Forms again sweep over the scene leaving no vestige of the days of the Canals and the First Railroads, "Long, Long Ago" being heard as an obbligato on the music.

EPISODE SEVEN

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

From one side Levi Coffin, the great Quaker, comes out as from his house at Newport looking ahead; from the other side comes a young fellow, his son, Jesse, as returning from an errand. Coffin walks back with his son.

COFFIN: Well, son, those men gone?

SON: Yes, they rode off down toward Centerville. One of them asked me who I was. I told him my name was Jesse Coffin. "A son of Levi Coffin?" he says. "I am," I told him. Then he asked if there was any runaway niggers at our house.

COFFIN: And what did thee say to that? I hope thee stuck to the truth.

SON: I told him I had not seen any. And I have not.

COFFIN (laughing): He might have known by that answer as well as by the name that thee is a son of mine and thy mother's! I am sometimes in doubt, Jesse, when I am dealing with these slave-drivers, lest by deceiving them I be not plainly lying. However, I never have a doubt in my mind that it is right to feed the hungry, to shelter the homeless, to clothe the naked and to help those whom I can.—Come on! They have gone.

He waves in signal as he calls, and a hay wagon comes out. It is loaded with hay and several negro men and women are on it. Mrs. Coffin and others of the household also come out.

COFFIN: Has thee left plenty of room inside for them in case they need shelter on the road? Do not take all my hay away! Leave some for the horses and cattle!

DRIVER: There is ample room inside.

COFFIN: Good! Jesse tells me the slave-hunters have gone on, but be wary; they may turn back. Aunt Rachel, does thy ankle feel better where it was cut and wounded by the chain and ball?

AUNT RACHEL: God bress you, massa, it's pretty sore, but it feels powerful lot better than it did!

Dr. Henry H. Way rides in from the south, dismounts and takes out liniment and bandages from his saddle-bags.

WAY: Just starting, are they? I wanted to fix up Aunt Rachel's ankle again before she left.

Dr. Way examines Aunt Rachel's wound and rebandages it. At the same time a lookout is kept up the road.

LOOKOUT: Hi! Levi! There's some horsemen coming down the road!

COFFIN: Get in quickly and start on. Keep calm and unconcerned. Good-by! God will protect you!

NEGROES: God bless you, massa! God bless you, Aunt Katy!

The hay load is opened and the negroes secreted inside. Mrs. Coffin personally sees that Aunt Rachel gets in safely and provides them with food for the way. In a moment there is seen on the load only the driver and another white man on top of the hay. They drive off to the north.

COFFIN: John, do not spoil that hay by sticking thy fork too deep into it! Catherine, it were best thee send those girls that came last night up into the further corn-field off of our place and secrete them there.

Mrs. Coffin goes into the house and immediately returns with two negro girls, worn out with fatigue, in rags, and terrified for their lives, and starts them off on their way through the bushes up along the river.

MRS. COFFIN: Go right up there, and you will be safe. We will take care of you. Do not fear!

As she returns, several men on horseback in the frock coats and broad-brimmed hats of the South ride in abruptly from the north, passing the hay wagon as they come. One of them rides up to Levi Coffin. Other people, neighbors, gather around him.

SLAVE-HUNTER: Have you seen any stray horses around here?

COFFIN: No, friend, I have not. Is thee not from Kentucky?

SLAVE-HUNTER: Yes, we are.

COFFIN: Does thee think that horses would stray so far north as this place?

SLAVE-HUNTER: Have you seen any runaway slaves pass this way?

COFFIN: I have seen many people passing by going in both directions. Some indeed TOLD me they were slaves, as also they told me of cruel and inhuman treatment they had received at the hands of those they called their masters, but the law of Indiana does not admit that a negro can tell the truth, so how could I know that they were slaves any more than I could believe Southerners to be capable of such brutality as they asserted.

SLAVE-HUNTER: You are notorious as a nigger-stealer. You harbor runaway slaves and help them on their way to Canada.

COFFIN: I help as many people who are in distress and who apply to me as I can, regardless of color. I would help thee if thee came to me destitute and in misery. So does the Bible direct me to do. How does thy Bible read?

SLAVE-HUNTER: You deliberately violate the Fugitive Slave Law and you shall pay the penalty. Once a negro reaches Levi Coffin's house nothing is ever seen of him again.

COFFIN: No one can prove or will claim, however, friend, that I murder them or otherwise unkindly dispose of them.

SLAVE-HUNTER: Damn you, you have slaves in your house now!

ANOTHER: You damned Yankee—

COFFIN: No, friend, I am a Southerner. I come from Carolina.

Two of the slave-hunters start toward Levi Coffin's house.

COFFIN: Friends, I am not willing that people go into my house without my invitation. I warn you! You attempt it at your peril.

SLAVE-HUNTER: You have runaway slaves in there now.

COFFIN: I will bring out my colored servants for thee to see. But thee knows the full requirements of the law as well as I do, and I warn thee not to give me occasion to charge thee with attempted kidnapping. Catherine, will thee bring out all the colored people we have in the house?

Mrs. Coffin goes in and returns with a colored cook, a man and a younger girl.

SLAVE-HUNTER: You have other niggers hidden here.

MRS. COFFIN: These are all the colored people we have in the house or on the place.

There is some private conferring among the slave-hunters, one evidently urging the claiming of the girl, referring to affidavits, but the others are clearly afraid to risk the chance.

SLAVE-HUNTERS: She would fit this description. . . . The prize is high, and worth the risk. . . . We could sell her for $1,000, maybe $1,200, once we got her across the river.

COFFIN: Consider carefully whether any of these are persons whom you have a right to touch, and also the consequences to yourselves if you make any mistake!

MRS. COFFIN: Eliza is a free girl. She—

COFFIN: No, Catherine, let them consider and decide for themselves.

The chief slave-hunter turns abruptly on his horse and rides away with an oath. The others lash their horses and follow. When they have gone a short way, the first slave-hunter stops and shouts threateningly at Levi Coffin.

SLAVE-HUNTER: We'll attend to you! We will not forget! You shall pay for this!

Levi Coffin merely nods his head, takes his wife by the arm and turns to go back into the house with her. The neighbors who have gathered are about to scatter and go back to their regular occupations also when a wagon drives up from the south.

MRS. COFFIN: Who have you there, White?

DRIVER: Most all Kentucky.

COFFIN: Well, bring most all Kentucky in.

MRS. COFFIN: Do they need clothes? I will get them something to eat at once.

COFFIN: Put your locomotives in the barn and let them blow off steam. Friends, all you who are stockholders in the Underground Railroad, it looks as if there were another assessment declared on your stock to send these people on their way to Canada!

ONE MAN: How much is my assessment, Friend Levi?

COFFIN: I do not know. That is for thee to decide. My assessment is a dollar. I suppose thine will be about the same. This is the only stock I know that makes one feel good every time he is called on for an assessment.

A number of the men come up to Levi Coffin and hand him money for the fugitives. While this is going on, a man comes riding in at a gallop on horseback from the south whither the slave-hunters rode away. He is very much excited, jumps off his horse and runs up to Mr. Coffin.

THE RIDER: Levi, Levi, thee is in great danger! I have come to warn thee! The slave-hunters who were here have publicly threatened to burn thee out if it costs them ten thousand dollars, and to shoot thee at sight or to drag thee into the woods and to hang thee. They threaten thee thus publicly in Richmond, and swear thee is the President of the Underground Railroad. Flee, my friend, flee, lest harm befall thee!

COFFIN: I thank thee, friend, for the interest thee has manifested in my welfare. Make thyself entirely easy however for I anticipate not the slightest disturbance. Barking dogs never bite. If these men intended really to do such terrible things to me, they would not have told of it publicly. Do not fear. Put away those weapons. I do not depend on fire-arms for protection. I have

been thus threatened many times before, but every time in the morning my buildings were all standing here as they had been the night before; there was no smell of fire about the premises, and I was not found hanging to a tree. Come, put up thy horse, and rest with us for the night. In my house there is ample room for all. As for the position of President of the Underground Railroad, I will gladly accept that position or any other they are disposed to give me on that road—conductor, engineer, fireman, or brakeman—and will serve in it to the best of my ability for the rest of my life. Come let us see what we can do for these people. They call for more attention than those slave-hunters. Catherine, tell us what we are to do.

FUGITIVES: God bress you, massa! God bress you, missy!

The fugitive slaves throng trustingly about their new-found friends, as Mr. Coffin directs the disposition of them for the present and all go out together into the home of Levi Coffin while many of the neighbors go out to their homes in the opposite direction.

With the music of Death and Oblivion, the Forms again sweep over the field, leaving no vestige of the times of the Underground Railroad, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," being heard as an obbligato in the music.

EPISODE EIGHT

THE CIVIL WAR

(1861-1863)

To the music of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," members of the G. A. R. with their battle flags march out onto the field to receive the enactment of the episode as a tribute to them and their comrades.

With a sort of suppressed hurry people of the time of the Civil War come in, quietly talk with each other, and pass on. Apprehension is in the air. Newsboys cry their papers, which are eagerly bought and scanned by the men and in not a few cases by women also.

NEWSBOYS: Sumter is fired on! Latest paper! Special extra of the Journal! Fort Sumter is fired on!

MEN ON STREET: The South has taken the aggressive! . . . If the South wants war, let her have it! . . . The North has not struck at the Union! . . . I never believed the South would go so far! . . . I have been a Democrat and on the side of the South all my life, but the Union comes first!

The excitement increases. Boys go round distributing dodgers calling a meeting at the Court House.

BOYS: Great public meeting! Court House at 7 o'clock! Will there be war? Great public meeting! Governor Morton will speak! Will there be war? Indiana's place in the Union!

MORE BOYS: Meeting changed to Metropolitan Theater at 7 o'clock! Great public meeting!

Governor Morton, attended by two or three of his advisors, drives through in his carriage. A great shout goes up, "Morton! Morton! Governor Morton! Speech!" He bows right and left, and is passing on. The Honorable Thomas A. Hendricks with some friends comes up. Governor Morton greets him and they talk together. Ebenezer Dumont joins them.

DUMONT: Silence! Silence! The Governor will speak!

With another great shout the people come together. Other people gather, some Quakers among them. One party of men bring a

flag with which they take position near the Governor. Governor Morton rises in his carriage.

DUMONT: Friends and Fellow-Citizens: We are to hear from the Governor of Indiana, Oliver P. Morton! (Loud cheers.)

MORTON: My fellow-citizens of Indiana, at this moment we can only wait with such calm restraint as we can to learn what direction events will take. Fort Sumter is attacked by the people of the South. What the outcome may be we can not know; we must be ready for an unfavorable result. But in the chair of Washington there sits a great man, worthy to succeed the Father of our Country, and capable of meeting all emergencies that the hour may produce. The Union is safe in the guidance of Abraham Lincoln! (Great cheers.) I have already conferred with the President and told him that Indiana, although divided in opinion in regard to the antecedents of secession, would be loyal if the time came for action (cheers), and if there were need, at least six thousand troops should be ready to march in defense of the Union! (Cheers, and cries of "We will!")

A telegraph boy runs in.

TELEGRAPH BOY: Despatches for the Governor!

DUMONT: Here he is! Bring them right up here!

Governor Morton takes the despatches, opens one, reads it and hands it to Major Dumont, as he reads the other, and then writes on a paper.

DUMONT (reading): Sumter has fallen.

There is silence for a long minute; then a shout that is also a groan. Governor Morton raises his hand.

MORTON: Mr. Lincoln will issue a proclamation to-morrow calling for 75,000 volunteers. (Cheers.) Is Indiana ready? (Cheers.) I am sending the President the following telegram: "On behalf of the State of Indiana, I tender you for the defense of the nation and to uphold the authority of the government, ten thousand men." (Loud cheers.) I have appointed Captain Lew Wallace, of Crawfordsville, to be Adjutant-General and the raising of troops will proceed at once.

Soldiers marching to Camp Morton to be mustered in pass by amid loud cheering by the people and also by the soldiers in response. Governor Morton raises his hat to them.

MORTON: Young men, Indiana honors you for your enlistment. Guard well this flag! Follow your commander even to death! I will visit you at the camp.

The soldiers march on. Governor Morton turns to Mr. Benjamin Harrison who is standing near him.

MORTON: I want you to organize a regiment. As you hold office as Reporter of the Supreme Court, I will not ask you to go to the front.

HARRISON: If I ask any man to enlist, I will go with him. I will gladly render such service as I can in the raising of troops, and will myself enlist as a private.

Mr. Harrison goes out. Mr. Hendricks speaks to Governor Morton and then gets into the carriage, standing up to address the crowd.

HENDRICKS: Allow me to say a few words: I have all my life been a Democrat and opposed to the coercion of the South, but the authority of the government of the United States is not questioned in Indiana, and I regard it as the duty of the citizens of Indiana to respect and maintain that authority and to give the government an honest and earnest support in the prosecution of the war, until in the providence of God it may be brought to an honorable conclusion and the blessings of peace restored to our country. No man will feel a deeper solicitude in the welfare and proud bearing of Indiana's soldiery in the conflict of arms to which they are called than myself.

Governor Morton shakes Mr. Hendricks by the hand amid loud cheering. Another body of troops passes through with Benjamin Harrison in command as Captain. Amid cheers they salute Governor Morton.

MORTON: I see you have selected Mr. Harrison for your Captain.

SOLDIERS: We have! We have!

MORTON: The worthy grandson of the Hero of the Northwest! Another Harrison! I herewith commission him as colonel of the Seventieth Indiana Regiment of Infantry! (Cheers.)

A flag is brought which Governor Morton presents to Colonel Harrison for the regiment. With renewed cheers the soldiers march on. Miss Catherine Merrill and other patriotic women of Indiana come forward.

MISS MERRILL: Governor Morton, you have shown that you regard every soldier as a son of Indiana in a personal sense. We offer ourselves to help in the care of the soldiers at the front and the wounded on their return.

MORTON: Indiana accepts and blesses you for your services, as will the soldiers themselves. I will arrange to give you full facilities for your noble work. . . . Colonel Owen, we shall have a large number of Confederate prisoners to take charge of.

. . . I shall have a prison camp here at Indianapolis and I wish you to command it. You Posey County people know how Indiana should treat her prisoners. The name of Owen and of New Harmony is synonymous with humanity. These men were but a few months ago friends and neighbors. Let us bear a memory of the past, and add no bitterness to their hard fate. Make out a commission for Colonel Richard Owen of the Sixtieth Indiana Regiment as Commandant of the Prison Camp at Camp Morton.

Wounded soldiers come in assisted by friends as from trains returning from the front. Miss Merrill and the other women, with evident system, go to meet them and attend to their needs and wants.

There come in from the south a number of Confederate soldiers as prisoners under guard. They are in a pitiable condition. Colonel Owen goes forward and gives orders for prompt and efficient disposition of the sick and wounded among the prisoners, who evince their deep gratitude to him for his kindly care of them. They march away to the north.

There is an alarm. Shouts of "Morgan has crossed into Indiana!" There is dismay and almost panic everywhere. Drums are beat and men run to volunteer for the Home Guard. Stoughton Fletcher, Chauncey M. Rose and several business men and Quakers rush up to Governor Morton, among them Joseph Dickinson, Isaac P. Evans, Timothy Harrison and Timothy Nicholson.

SEVERAL: How can we help, Governor?

MORTON: The State needs money. The Legislature has not passed the appropriation bills. As Governor I am helpless. I must carry on the government of the State personally. Will the Terre Haute and Richmond Railroad Company lend me $15,000? Will you, my friends of Wayne County, lend me money?

R. R. PRESIDENT: Yes, the Terre Haute and Richmond will lend you the $15,000 on your receipt.

JOSEPH DICKINSON: We will sign a note for thee, Friend Oliver, for $20,000.

MORTON: I will start a Bureau of Finance and I appoint Colonel W. H. H. Terrell as my Financial Secretary. My friends, you have rescued the government of the State.

Continually fresh reports are brought in of Morgan's raid, sometimes contradictory, sometimes nearing Indianapolis, sometimes departing. Soldiers gather and are marched off. . . . Suddenly with loud shrill Rebel yells, on the other side of the river, is seen Gen-

eral John H. Morgan with his Confederate cavalry riding at a swift gallop north along the river bank. There is a shout of rallying among the people. Soldiers are seen hurrying after the raiders on the other side, some on horseback, some on foot, while the crowds stand on the other side watching breathlessly, until it is evident that the raiders are driven from the soil of Indiana, when they all cheer and cheer and return quickly out at either end of the grandstand.

The "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Dixie" are played together as the members of the G. A. R. return with their battle flags to their seats on the grandstand.

IV

THE TORCH OF ART AND LITERATURE

From one side pour in all the Indiana Spirits, sweeping forward with music of their motif. Their direction is across the field, covering it with a whirling mass of changing color, then returning in a direction converse to their entrance toward the opposite side of the field, whither they converge. Most of them pass out, while some pause in postures of acclamation and obeisance, retiring so as to leave a large open space in the midst. Thereinto enters the figure of Indiana attended by two Angels with trumpets on either side and followed by three others. The Spirits escort the State of Indiana to a rock at the back of the field and thereon she takes her seat as on a throne, the Spirits forming on either side of her a large semi-circle. Then the other Angels pour in, accenting their blending groups and lines with their distinctive figures.

With music based on the Pioneer motif, there come in from either side streams of people of Indiana of the various generations from 1816 to 1916 in the dress and styles of their times. Those of the first half century, coming in from the left of the grandstand, are led by the figure of Death; those of the latter half century coming in, from the right, are led by the figure of the Centennial Spirit, both on foot.

From either side then in turn come the Writers, the Painters and the Sculptors of Indiana. Those who have passed away are led up in turn and presented, some singly, some in groups, to the State of Indiana by the figure of Death; those who are living are led up and presented by the figure of the Centennial Spirit. They carry each his book, canvas or model wherewith they have contributed to the fair name and fame of Indiana, which they hold up as a tribute before Indiana. To each one in turn Indiana graciously inclines her head and raises her hand in appreciation of their offerings. Then they remain near her, gradually forming a smaller crescent inside the semicircle of the people.

Accompanying each writer come two or three of their characters, who are included with their creator in the presentation. These Writers would include, for instance, John Finley and Sarah T. Bol-

ton, Edward Eggleston, Lew Wallace, Maurice Thompson and Robert Underwood Johnson, Charles Major and Gene Stratton Porter, William Vaughn Moody, David Graham Phillips and George Barr McCutcheon, Meredith Nicholson, George Ade and Booth Tarkington; and the historians, John B. Dillon, John Clark Ridpath, Jacob Piatt Dunn, James A. Woodburn and George S. Cottman. The Painters would include Jacob Cox, B. F. Hayes, Theodore C. Steele, William Forsyth, Otto Stark, J. Ottis Adams, R. B. Gruelle, William M. Chase, Amalia Küssner, E. M. Bundy, Clifton Wheeler, Charles S. Conner, Wayman Adams; the illustrators, John T. McCutcheon, Franklin Booth, Hanson Booth, Worth Brehm, Will Vawter, and Fred Yohn. The Sculptors would include Janet Scudder, George Grey Barnard and John J. Mahoney. So, for example, John Finley would be attended by an early Hoosier family; Edward Eggleston by the "Hoosier Schoolmaster," "Roxy" and the "Circuit-Rider"; Lew Wallace by "Ben Hur" and the "Prince of India"; and Booth Tarkington by "Monsieur Beaucaire," "The Gentleman from Indiana," and "Penrod."

Then there comes in James Whitcomb Riley. With him are Little Orphant Annie, holding close to one hand, and a small barefoot boy holding close to the other, while Aunt Mary and a number of other children follow. Two of the children carry some of his books, very much worn. Death and the Centennial Spirit both go down to meet him as he comes up the center and returning with him both present him to Indiana. Standing before Indiana, Riley indicates with a gesture the happy children around him, and the two children kneel and present his poems to Indiana as both his tribute and their own. Then Indiana rises and holds out her hand to him. Riley kneels and kisses her hand, and Indiana places a laurel wreath on his head and raises her hands over him, while all the people raise their arms in affectionate acclamation of their poet, the Poet of Indiana. The music is simple and melodic in character, based on a motif which may be called the Riley motif.

Death and the Centennial Spirit raise Riley from his knees and escort him to the river bank. A slender black barge comes to the shore. In the prow stands an Angel with a trumpet; in the stern is one of the Forms of Death and Oblivion, who propels the boat with a long oar. Riley enters the boat and is immediately borne away down stream, Little Orphant Annie and the other children standing on the bank and waving to him until he passes out of sight. Then they return with Death and the Centennial Spirit to the others.

Indiana rises and, Death, the Centennial Spirit and the children preceding her, comes straight down toward the grandstand. The Writers and their characters, the Painters and the Sculptors fall in directly behind Indiana. The Angels and the people of the various generations close in together to continue the massed column in recessional. After an interval the Indiana Spirits close down upon the retiring throng, scattering out as they do so until again they cover the entire field with a whirling mass of changing color for a moment and then quickly disappear, passing out at the two ends of the grandstand.

EPISODE NINE

THE WAGON AND THE PLOW

(1885)

People of the early 80's come in from both sides. Carriages drawn by horses,—phaetons, buggies, landaus,—go by on the road in both directions with ladies in the dress of the time. A young fellow on a high bicycle rides through. A croquet party bring out their mallets and balls, but stop to see the new game, tennis, so much like battledore and shuttlecock. A couple of policemen saunter around and keep order.

In a moment from the thicket at one end of the grandstand come pioneers of the early days with their families, followed by a few Indians. There is consternation among the people of the 80's. Some of the ladies are frightened and almost faint. Two or three gentlemen, however, gather themselves together and confront the approach of the pioneers while the others look on. One acts as spokesman.

GENTLEMAN: What are you doing here?

PIONEER: We thought it was time for us to move on a bit.

GENTLEMAN: But you are out of your episode.

PIONEER: Maybe we are, but that makes no difference.

GENTLEMAN: It does make a difference. You are in our episode.

PIONEER: So we air. You see we hunted through and settled all the new country in our times, so we thought we'd go move on to some new times.

GENTLEMAN: But you can not come here. We'll call the police. Police! Police!

PIONEERS: Police! What's them? Oh,—we don't mind them.

The two policemen come sauntering up from different directions and look the pioneers over.

GENTLEMAN: Officer! Officer! These—persons have come out of their episodes and have nearly frightened our wives and children to death. Send them back a hundred years!

POLICE: Who are they? Who are ~~they?~~ you?

PIONEERS: We are Indiana pioneers. We have come a hundred years—

POLICE: Well, these people here don't want you. So you'd better move on.

PIONEERS: Move on? We'll not move on! We have as much right here as they have or those people up there. They are out of their episode too. They have not got here yet. We got here first. Get out of our way!

The Pioneers and Indians take threatening attitudes, loading their muzzle-loading rifles, the women and children quickly gathering in a group behind the men, and the Indians brandishing their tomahawks and letting out a war-whoop or two. The police forthwith lose interest and turn away.

POLICE: Can not do anything. Call the Board of Health. They're dead. We can not move them without order of the Coroner.

There is dismay among the people of the 80's. The two groups stand facing each other. Some of the Forms of Death and Oblivion run out as if to surround the Pioneers and Indians.

PEOPLE OF 80'S: Take them back! Take them back!

The Centennial Spirit rides in and holds up her hand.

CENTENNIAL SPIRIT: The Indiana spirit, ever onward, will not be gainsaid. We gather here in this my year from all the State, from all the generations too. Bring the people of my own year here as well! Ye all are pioneers and looking ever forward. The mysteries of constructive genius see!

Surrounded by some of the Indiana Spirits, people of 1916 come in and take position as a third group. The Forms of Death and Oblivion and the Indiana Spirits mingling form a line behind them all.

PIONEER: We came into this wilderness and made it ours!

A Conestoga wagon is driven in along the road. Immediately after a Studebaker farm wagon with cumulative wagon bed comes in from the other direction, so that they meet.

1880 MAN: Now Indiana sends her wagons east and west and north and south!

PIONEER: Our Conestoga holds more goods.

1880 MAN: Our Studebaker either more or less, according to the load and according to the road.

Men take off sections of the wagon bed, showing the cumulative structure.

PIONEER: We cleared the forests with our brawny arms!

1880 MAN: For their log rollings, Indiana sends the lumbermen of all America a pair of wheels.

Some of the Pioneers step forward with staves to show how they rolled their logs. A log wagon is driven through with a string or horses.

PIONEER: We plowed and planted all these fertile acres years and years ago!

1880 MAN: We plow and plant these acres, too, and feed the people of a score of states, and make the plows that plant the acres of the world.

An old plow 120 years old is brought through, an ox and a man pulling it from one side; and from the other, two of the Oliver Chilled Plows, the No. 40 walking plow and the No. 11 sulky. The Pioneers are amazed and admire the wonderful implements.

1880 MAN: This is indeed the height of manufacturing! See that mold board, how it turns the earth and scours!

1916 MAN: Ah, but see what our day will produce! For all the needs of all the soils of all the world! To Europe go these plows. The prairies of the west are field on field plowed up wholesale by these.

One of the largest plows made is driven through, drawn by oxen. Then, drawn by an International Harvester tractor, a 16 gang plow is driven through.

PIONEERS: Our day was but a little day! Who are the men that make these things?

CENTENNIAL SPIRIT: True men of Indiana!

John M. Studebaker and James Oliver come forward.

PIONEER: Why, thet ar's young Jim Oliver of Mishawaka. And thet John Studebaker, sure's you live! We knew them boys when we was old. Hello, the house, Jim! Who keeps the house, Jim! Who keeps the house, J. M.! They belong to us!

1880 PEOPLE: But everybody knows they are of our time!

1916 PEOPLE: Their biggest work will be in our time!

CENTENNIAL SPIRIT: To Indiana they belong and all the thousands in our State who by their toil and industry create the means whereby their fellow-men may rise and serve in turn their fellows better! The plow and wagon are but types of Indiana manufacturing.

PIONEERS: Our day was but a little day!

CENTENNIAL: You have not spoken of the greatest of your deeds. You men and women of the early day made strong and

true the men and women of the later time. So you made Indiana! You made the men, true pioneers, who plunged into the mysteries of industry and wrought the miracles of manufacturing! You conquered the wilderness; your sons spread far their farms along the Indiana rivers; these latter sons along the railroads day and night, year in, year out, create the tools of life for all the world. Each generation in its turn contributes its due part to that supreme achievement of Indiana manufacturing, the making of a greater State! Closer and closer draw the binding ties that make of Indiana all one family!

With the music of Death and Oblivion again the Forms sweep over the scene, leaving no vestige of the days of the 80's, On the Banks of the Wabash being heard as an obbligato in the music. The people of the 80's are gone; the Pioneers are gone. The Forms of Death and Oblivion follow them out. The Indiana Spirits remain, retired in the background. The lights soften down on the field and all out on the river and beyond is in darkness.

EPISODE TEN

THE BINDING TIES

Across the river two gas wells blaze up in the night air and burn above the tops of the trees. The People of 1916 mingle with People of 1900 and the intervening time as they come running in to gaze at the gas wells, standing in excited groups all over the field. The people come in from every direction, some with picnic baskets, some with blankets even to see as much as possible of the great sight. There are frequent outbursts of cheering.

PEOPLE: Have you seen it? Gas! It's gas, alright! Natural gas!

MRS. SMITH: We brought our suppers. We're going to stay till the late train.

BROWN: We're going to stay all night. We're going to see this thing.

MRS. BROWN: Isn't it grand!

SEVERAL: I never see the like in all my life, did you?

OTHERS: I never did.

ROBINSON: Right out of the earth. Comes from a depth of 1,000 feet!

JONES: 1,000? More like 5,000 feet, I can tell you!

MRS. JONES: Now, Will, are you sure? How can you know?

JONES: Well, I know—

CROWD: Ah! Ah-h-h-h! (Cheers.)

SMITH: First found at Anderson, this here gas was!

MUNCIE MAN: Anderson? It was first found at Muncie!

NOBLE: What are you talking about? It came up first at Noblesville. Came up all by itself. I live there. I ought to know!

SEVERAL: Aw! . . . It was at Marion it was found first! 'Twas not, 'twas at Elwood!

GREEN: What's the matter with Kokomo, I'd like to know. Every last one of you is trying to get the credit of it away from the rightful place. It was in Howard County, if you want to know, just outside of Kokomo. I was there to Kokomo just the week before and I heard all about it!

CROWD: Ah-h-h! (Cheers.)

There is a pause, during which the crowd stand silently watching the blazing gas wells. A small group of men in the middle at-

tract the attention of the crowd. They are men of standing and importance.

JOHNSON: A great thing for Indiana!

JACKSON: It is indeed! Cheap light!

THOMPSON: And cheap fuel! It will bring manufacturers to Indiana without end! It will be the making of the State, if we use it right.

BLACK: Oh, it's inexhaustible! Costs nothing anyway!

JOHNSON: If carefully used it may last a long time; if wasted, it may be gone any day.

SEVERAL: Aw! Look at that! See any signs of that giving out? It's been blowing away there steady for more'n—don't know how long! I've been watching it!

JOHNSON: No better investment on the market if you keep your head—

Several manufacturers come in and approach some of the people.

WHITE: Do you own land hereabouts? I will give you 50 cents a year per acre, and $100 a year for each gas well we put up on it.

JACKSON: Going to move your factory to Indiana? Cheap fuel! Cost you 10 cents where you've paid $1.00 before! What kind of business are you in?

ROBINSON: Glass. Yes, I am coming to Indiana.

Manufacturers followed by typical employees pass across,—glass blowers, iron workers with pots of molten metal and other suggestions of large interests establishing themselves in the State.

SEVERAL: Look at that! For the land's sake!

The first Haynes automobile is driven in, amid both cheers and laughs. All the crowd gather around to see it. A horse being driven by rears up and bolts. Excitement over the runaway horse.

SMITH: See that! It's not safe to have such things on the public highway.

JOHNSON: My friends, this horseless carriage will open up the country districts, bring the towns and the farms closer together.

BROWN: No sensible farmer will ever have one of those around his place. You mark my words! (Laugh.)

JACKSON: You mark MY words, the farmers will buy as many of these automobile carriages as the townspeople within ten or fifteen years!

MRS. SMITH: Land's sake! Land's sake! Jest look at it!

MRS. BROWN: Without a horse! Lan's sake!

JONES: It is a nice curiosity, but it will never be practical. Might as well talk about flying!

THOMPSON: On the contrary, you will find that few things will do so much to bring the whole State together! This and the trolley car!

SMITH: But what would you do if the danged engine give out?

Other automobiles pass through, all of Indiana make; the Haynes, Marmon, Waverley, Apperson, National, Pathfinder, Empire, Premier and others. The road begins to show the characteristics of an automobile highway and the horses are fewer and fewer. At first the horses show fright, as at the first Haynes automobile; then they become accustomed to the automobiles; and toward the end of the scene there are very few horses to be seen at all. Studebaker Consolidated School Wagons, delivery wagons and Mais automobile trucks pass along the road.

Then a trolley car of the Interurban comes through, bringing a lot of people. It stops. People get out; others get in. The conductor calls the route and the car goes off again. Another car arrives from the opposite direction.

CONDUCTOR: Indianapolis! All out!

PEOPLE: This where we get out for the pageant? Conductor, I want to go to the pageant.

CONDUCTOR: All out! All out for the Pageant of Indiana! This car for Shelbyville, Greensburg and Cincinnati! All aboard! . . . All aboard! This car for Noblesville, Kokomo and Peru! . . . All aboard! This car for Danville, Greencastle and Terre Haute! All aboard! This car for Lebanon, Franfort and Lafayette! All aboard! This car for Seymour, Jeffersonville and Louisville!

The conductors cry the various routes, and the crowd gathers more and more, as the cars come in from all over the State, looking forward to the gathering of all the generations of the people of Indiana celebrated in the Finale.

V

FINALE: INDIANA!

The electric lights over the field soften. The orchestra sounds forth strong and clear the theme of the Centennial Spirit. Again from one side comes the Centennial Spirit on horseback attended by the Community Arts. The people pause in their various occupations and fall back to the sides into two curved masses. The automobiles and horses pass out and do not return. Advancing into the center the Centennial Spirit holds high her sword and with orchestral accompaniment calls upon all the children of the State to gather.

CENTENNIAL SPIRIT:

Ho, now has come the crowning height of time!
All Indiana gathers to acclaim the year
That rounds complete a glorious century!
They come, the thousand thousands of the State!
From north, from south, by every road and stream,
From lakeside prairie and from river hills;—
And far adown the long-lost years they come,
The distant generations of the past,
To join with all the hosts of all the years.
In joyous, grateful tribute to the State,
America, and God! Come! Come! Come! Come!

The orchestra playing music in march time akin to the Indiana theme, all the people of all the generations of Indiana come marching in from both sides of the grandstand and form a massive body in the field, leaving a broad passage in the middle and a space around the outside.

CENTENNIAL SPIRIT:

And thou, O Death, thou Guardian of the Things
We can not see! Thou Keeper of the Past!
Thou Noble Warden of the Greater Life toward which
We go! To us for this Centennial Year
Thou hast brought back the past! To thee again
That past and this our present we commit!
Come, mighty Mystery! In thy true semblance come!

With music of the Death motif glorified and of the harmonies of Death and Oblivion and the Celestial music there enters on horseback the tall figure of Death, gorgeous in his resplendent raiment,

from which all shadow of black gloom has disappeared. He is attended by a number of the Angels and followed by the throng of the Forms of Death and Oblivion, whose garments have similarly become glorified. The Forms surround the whole massed group of the generations, while Death himself and those attending him go up the middle and take position opposite the Centennial Spirit. The music then strikes into the Hymn to Indiana, played by the orchestra alone. Forthwith there enters from one side, the figure of the State of Indiana on horseback, carrying her State Shield and bearing the blue and green Pageant Flag of Indiana. She is attended by the other Angels and followed by the buckskin-clad pioneers representing the Counties. She goes straight up the middle, while all the people raise their arms in acclaim, the Centennial Spirit and Death riding part way down to meet her and to escort her back. When Indiana reaches her place at the center near the river bank and turns around to the assembled mass of all her people, she raises her flag, and all the people burst out into singing

THE HYMN TO INDIANA

To Heaven raise thy star-crowned head,
  Superb Indiana!
Thy future to glory wed
  Through toil! Praise God! Hosanna!

  Arise! Stand! Strive!
  Thy faith revive!
  With courage and decision
  Press onward toward thy vision!

  Arise! Firm! True!
  Thy strength renew!
  God prosper thy gages
  To serve the coming ages!

To Heaven raise thy star-crowned head,
  Superb Indiana!
Thy future to glory wed
  Through toil! Praise God! Hosanna!

The first six notes of The Star-Spangled Banner sound forth on the trumpets. Indiana turns and points up the river, where is seen coming in a glow of golden light America on a white and golden barge rowed by strong men garbed in the classic tunic. America is in white, has the Shield of the United States on her shoulder and bears the American Flag in her hand. She is standing in the prow

of the barge. With her are the other four States of the old North West Territory,—Ohio, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin,—each bearing her State Shield but not her flag, as having no sovereignty in Indiana. The white and gold barge of America is followed by other barges bearing the other States of the Union. The States are all in blue and each wears the shining star of statehood on her forehead. As America and the States are rowed down the river, the glow of golden light in which they come gleaming ever brighter and brighter, the people all turned toward the river, sing

THE HYMN TO AMERICA*

Forever shine on our mountain heights!
  Forever dwell by our valleys' streams!
And may thy stars illume the nights
  Where'er thy glorious banner gleams!

In thee unite the sovereign States!
  In thee all trade and commerce live!
To all thou openest wide thy gates;
  To all thy name and thy life dost give!

The little child thou dost protect;
  The strongest man for his work inspire!
The wayward firmly dost correct;
  And guard our homes from flood and fire!

Thy name we share from south to north;
  Thine air we breathe from east to west!
Thy glory, America, leads us forth
  In victory onward toward the best!

O God, Who givest the breath of life
  To peoples of the human race,
Make Thou our land in peace or strife
  A Nation strong, of uplifted face!

As America's barge comes down where Indiana stands, the orchestra bursts into The Star-Spangled Banner again. The barge bearing America comes up to the shore. America and the States with her disembark and come up on to the bank. A white horse is brought for her and horses for the States of Ohio, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. They mount and take their position in the center, Indiana taking her position by the side of America and a little back of her, while the other four States are in a row behind them. The barges bearing the other States form in a row out in the stream of the river. As America takes her place in the center of the Cen-

*The music of The Hymn to America is by Brookes C. Peters.

tennial tableau, a great corona of lights, of many colors, blazes up from the other shore of the river, streaming up like a prismatic aurora, and reflecting its radiance in the water. At the close of The Star-Spangled Banner, America raises her flag high in the air full arm's length. All the people of the Pageant except those who are mounted on horses or are on the barges kneel and sing the prayer stanza of the hymn, America.

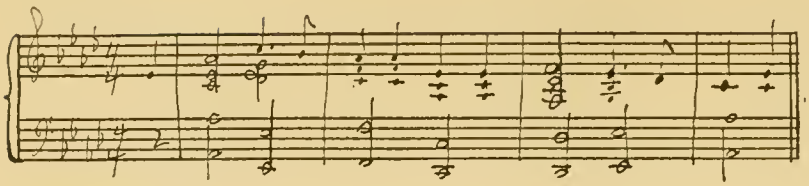
AMERICA

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
  Author of Liberty,
  To Thee we sing!
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light!
Protect us by thy might,
  Great God, our King!

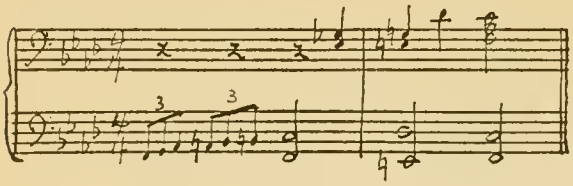
All rise, and the music playing the Hymn to Indiana as a march, all the people of the Pageant, marshaled by the Centennial Spirit and Death together, march up on both sides toward America and Indiana, then after saluting turn and march down toward the center of the grandstand in massed column. There they again divide, and go out at the two ends of the grandstand. The Indiana Spirits throng down with the people of the various generations, mingling with them. The Forms of Death and Oblivion remain where they are. When the people have departed the Centennial Spirit and Death go up toward America and Indiana and escort them out the same way. The Angels all accompany America, Indiana and the States of the North West Territory, some of them mingling with the Pioneers who represent the Counties. At the same time the barges bearing the States in the river divide and are rowed some up stream and some down stream out of sight in either direction. Only the Forms of Death and Oblivion remain. As the music changes for the last time to their harmonies, they ride over the field again, sweeping away into their own regions of the unknown and of mystery every vestige of the Pageant of Indiana. They ride away. The lights on all the field go out. The corona glows in the air and in the water for a moment and then disappears.

MOTIFS OF THE PAGEANT MUSIC

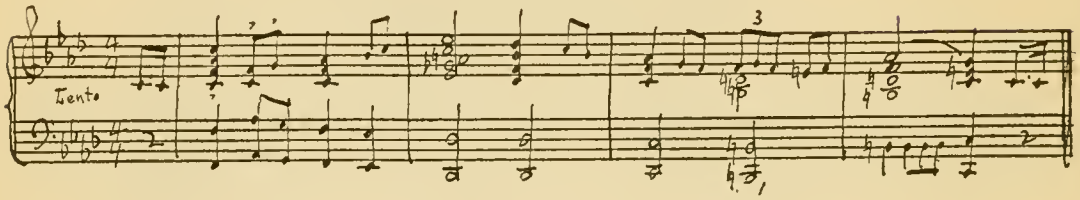
Indiana



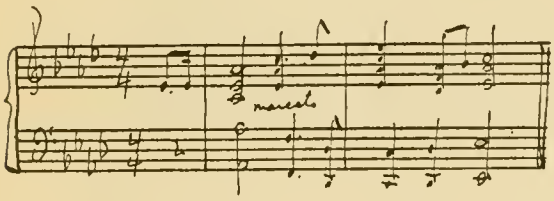
Oblivion



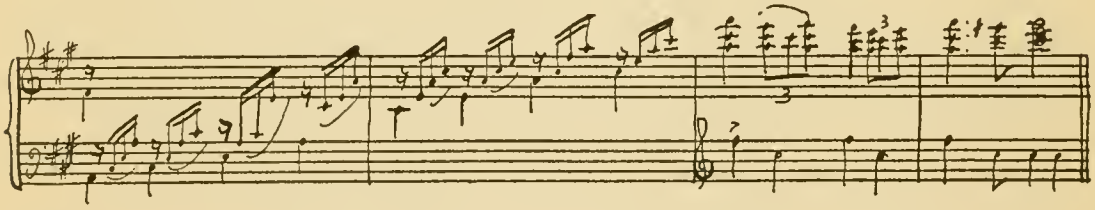
Death



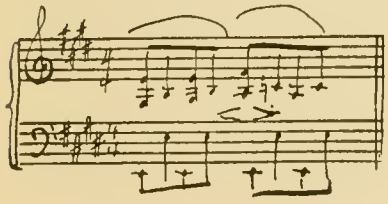
Centennial Spirit



Celestial



Wilderness



Pioneer

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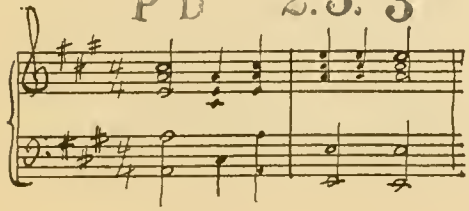

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